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Vol. V

# Music & Letters

*A Quarterly Publication*

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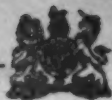
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# The Royal College of Music.

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The Tuition Fee is £12 12s. per term, which includes a Principal and Second Study, as well as paper work, classes, &c.

A JUNIOR DEPARTMENT is established for pupils up to 16 years of age. Fee £6 6s. per term for one Subject with Rudiments of Music and Harmony. Entrance Fee £1 1s.

The Entrance Examination Fee is £2 2s.

Special Teachers' Training Course Classes have been arranged to meet the Requirements of the Teachers' Registration Council.

An examination for "Associateship of the Royal College of Music" (A.R.C.M.) is held twice a year. It is conducted by the Director and Professors of the College. The fee for this examination is £5 5s.

The College Syllabus and all further particulars can be obtained by application to the Registrar.

The Royal College of Music Patrons' Fund (Founded by Sir S. Ernest Palmer, Bart., F.R.C.M.), for the encouragement of British Composers and Executive Artists. Particulars may be obtained from the Registrar.



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There are three Terms in the Academic year—viz., the Michaelmas Term, from Michaelmas to Christmas; the Lent Term, from early in January to Easter; and the Midsummer Term, from early in May until the end of July. The Fee for the ordinary curriculum is 14 Gns. per Term.

A large number of Scholarships and Prizes are founded and are competed for periodically. Students who show special merit and ability receive the distinction of being elected by the Directors Associates of the Institution, and are thereby entitled to the use after their names of the letters A.R.A.M. Students who distinguish themselves in the musical profession after leaving the Institution may be elected by the Directors Fellows of the Royal Academy of Music, and are thereupon entitled to the use after their names of the letters F.R.A.M.

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J. A. CREIGHTON, *Secretary*.

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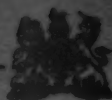
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In connection with the Local Examinations 50 Exhibitions in Practical Music and 10 Exhibitions in the Theory of Music are annually awarded, and are tenable at Centres in the United Kingdom, India and the Colonies.

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*President:*

ALLEN GILL, F.R.A.M.

## THE AIM OF THE I.S.M.

is to aid musical progress by bringing together all professional musicians who desire to see the status of their work improved, and wish to establish safeguards against the practice and teaching of music by unqualified persons.

Legal and professional advice are available for members.

The importance of the Society's objects may be measured by the difficulty which confronts those members of the public who desire a musical training for themselves or their children, but are often misled by spurious diplomas with high-sounding titles. The Society seeks to establish a recognised standard and to ensure that competent teachers shall not suffer disparagement.

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# Music and Letters

JANUARY, 1924

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VOLUME V.

NUMBER 1

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At the beginning of the fifth year of this magazine's existence I cannot deny myself the pleasure of saying a word of thanks to my subscribers and contributors who have stood by it through thick and thin. Without their help . . . but I need not say. As it is, here is a fact accomplished, something done; and we can now be a little philosophical about the situation. The expenses are just covered by the incomings. If the latter should fail, the shutters will be put up. If they stay as they are, the magazine will stay as it is. If they improve, a vista opens into which I have not as yet looked, though there are plenty of things which could then be done.

Now a word in the ear of future subscribers and contributors.

O subscriber of the future, you have—confess!—looked into these pages now and then and thought there was “something in it,” and you would borrow it again. But you have not reflected that specialist magazines are ticklish ventures, and that without a move on your part—opening a drawer with the left hand and taking up a pen with the right—there would before long be nothing, perhaps, to borrow. Make that move—it is as easy as P to Q 4—and all sorts of delightful combinations will follow.

And another point. This is an English effort; and though everything we do ourselves may not be the best that can be done, it may be the best ‘for us’: it may put what we should say or feel, or answer what we want to know, better than someone else could do that for us. We read the fine quarterlies of Italy and France and the United States with pleasure and profit, but we have sometimes to modify the conclusions they come to in the light of our own

circumstances. That indicates a need for us to have an organ of our own, and if this particular magazine were to stop with this issue another would probably arise to take its place (with all the spade-work to do over again) before the year was out. Such publications have a consolidating influence on the music of the country in question, and anyone who feels influence of that kind to have its importance may well think it a duty in general, as well as a pleasure in particular, to support them.

To contributors it is more difficult to speak. Music is a terribly difficult thing to write sense about. We can make it, or talk about it with someone of the right kidney, but by the time we have got our thoughts down on paper they look so cold and measured that we are ashamed of them. We meant something better than that, we say, and tear it up. Well, that is the beginning of writing something that is worth reading; if tearing up does oneself good and no one else any harm there is surely a good deal to be said for it.

The ideal writer about music, if we try to imagine him, would be something of a poet, the sort of man to whom for every particular instance that he touches the universal law is lurking round the corner, whether he thinks this the occasion to drag it from its hiding place or not. Music, body and soul, is relationship. If we try to explain we belittle, if we dissect we kill. We want to catch the bright fluttering thing but it will not settle, and when we pin it to a cork its wings no longer gleam or flutter. So we take refuge in paeans and purples: sing its praises instead of telling its nature. But it is just because it is so abominably difficult that it is worth while to try to write about music. We may never be able to say the final word, but we may feel every now and then, "That is the best I have done yet." Those who are frightened at the irrevocableness of print may comfort themselves with that law of Nature which ordains that the ineffective shall be forgotten and only the good remembered.

People to whom I have applied for this kind of help have sometimes made one or other of two protests—"I have nothing to say" and "I don't know how to say it." If these were true they would together provide a good reason for not writing an article. But perhaps they are not so true as their authors think. What we don't know, but others do, always seems to us wonderful. We are seldom aware of knowing anything that everybody else doesn't know. Yet we are all specialists in something. My delight is, we will say, in theories of aesthetics and acoustics, yours in the proper use and nature of the bassoon, yours, again, in the range and limitations of Schönberg or Florent Schmitt, or some other form of *quid cogitet humidus Auster*.

We are called contributors because we all bring something to the feast—and somebody, after all, must bring such humble things as salt and sugar, and see that they don't get mixed up. There is a great deal behind salt that the ordinary man doesn't know—a whole universe perhaps. That is the defence of the specialist—he is taking a narrow path towards heaven instead of a broad path in some other direction.

There are about a hundred ways of writing an article: you can see that from the hundred or so essays since this magazine started, and you may have noticed that those get on best who arrange their thoughts in some order, and trust that the words will come with the flow of the argument. Writing is not patterning words: it is telling what you know to someone who doesn't, and on the vast majority of subjects the vast majority of people are vastly ignorant. We are said all of us to have enough stuff of experience in us to make one good novel out of. And there are heaps of musicians dotted about over the country who have musical experiences to tell or thoughts they could set in order. We all want a jog before we can begin. Sometimes it comes from a book, sometimes from a friend; and then we take a pen and think what we would write, if we wrote about it. Presently the sheets accumulate and we put them in some sort of order, cut out what we've said twice over, put in the most important point we had nearly forgotten, and hide the thing away in a drawer. If after a month or so it still seems to be good sense, we send it off to the Editor of MUSIC AND LETTERS, and see what happens.

There, I've said my say, and having said it will sit down. But Christmas is here—Christmas that wore drab for so many years—the time of happy meetings and merry thoughts. Those who pick merry-thoughts are allowed a wish. It shall be the wish that never grows old. To all my subscribers and contributors, past present and to be, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

## THE WINTRY ROAD

SONG CYCLE BY WILHELM MÜLLER  
SCHUBERT Op. 89

*Some of these translations have appeared before in MUSIC AND LETTERS, but are now reprinted in sequence in order that a reader may get an idea of the cycle as a whole; for which purpose also this brief analysis is prefixed.*

1, 2 All's over, then. Why, there's the very weathercock on the house  
3 mocking me. I weep hot tears, but the bitter cold freezes them.  
4 If it freezes my heart and her image on it, it will be better still,  
5 because I shall not then forget her. And here is the tree where  
6 I carved her name; I must hurry by. And here the brook filled  
7 by the snow my tears melted; it flows by her home. But it is  
frozen over, and I can send no message except the name I write  
on the ice; the ice is calm outwardly, but within a torrent, like  
8, 9 my heart. I could almost turn back again now. But even a will  
10 o' the wisp could not lead me out of the way I have chosen. I am  
11 tired out, and will rest in this pitman's cottage. Oh! what a dream  
I've had of the sights and sounds of May; but I woke, and the  
sounds were only the cock-crowing, and the sights only the flowers  
12 of frost on the window-pane. And now I am all alone; the storm  
13 when it was raging was at least a companion. There's the post-  
man, but no letter for me; he comes from the town where she is.  
14 The snow has whitened my hair; I half believed, and hoped for a  
15 moment, I was an old man. Wherever I go this raven flies with  
16 me; raven, are you going to pick my bones when I fall? The last  
leaf is trembling on the branch; if that one leaf falls my last hope  
17 is gone. And now everyone in the village is asleep, dreaming  
18 happily; good luck to them; luck is not for me. A blustering  
19 morning; a morning to my heart's desire. A light in a cottage,  
and a face there that will make someone happy; I am happy—that  
20 there is no such face for me. And here is the high road; why  
should I be afraid of mixing with people; and here a signpost—  
but there is one finger I see wherever I go, marked "Death."  
21 I passed a churchyard just now, and half thought of going in  
22 and asking Death if he had room for me. The more it snows, the  
happier I; if there are no gods above, let's be gods ourselves.  
23 I have just seen a curious sight, three mock-suns. I once had  
three suns—Love, Hope, and Life. Two are set; I wish the third  
24 were. The old organ-grinder; what a picture of misery! I wonder  
if he would grind out an accompaniment to my songs.

### 1. Farewell.

A stranger I came hither, a stranger I depart;  
Spring filled my mind with fancies, youth fired with hope my heart.  
The maiden heard the voice of love, her mother the marriage bell;  
And now the world's a wilderness with snow on dale and fell.



My going and my coming they are not mine to choose,  
My path beneath the moon is an easy path to lose;  
The shadow that goes with me is still my only friend,  
Along the snowclad upland where path and byway end.

Why wait to hear the welcome that they will speak no more?  
I hear the bloodhound baying, I see the bolted door.  
But Love is still a wand'rer, for Nature willed it so,  
From one to other ranging:—"Farewell, dear love, I go."

Dream on! dream on! my going shall ne'er disturb your rest;  
My footstep shall not wake you, my thought shall not molest.  
One word alone I write you, to read by morning light,  
One prayer alone I leave you:—"Good night, dear love, good night."

## 2. The Weathercock.

The weathercock turns and twists in the breezes  
Above her home who flouted me;  
I think my thoughts, and now it pleases  
To think he mocks my misery.

A fool was I to pass unheeded  
That sign that veers with every breath!  
Had I but seen, it had not needed  
To look within for woman's faith.

The wind plays with the hearts inside it  
As on the roof—yet not so bold,  
What's pain to them—who but deride it!  
And what to me their daughter sold!

## 8. Frozen Tears.

Upon my cheek each teardrop  
Is turned to a frozen bead.  
How came they there, I wonder!  
Can I have wept indeed?

Yes, teardrops, very teardrops!  
Hot tears, that start anew,  
Freezing at once, as swiftly  
As any morning dew.

The scornful heart you spring from  
Is hotter than a fire;  
You think, may be, of thawing  
The frost of winter's ire.

## MUSIC AND LETTERS

## 4. The Frozen Heart.

I wonder are the footprints  
 Yet covered by the snow,  
 Where hand in hand together  
 We wandered high and low.

I wonder will my kisses  
 Melt through the ice, and will  
 My tears those lingering footprints  
 With pools of water fill.

There's not a flower remaining,  
 There's not a blade of grass,  
 But all is dead and buried  
 In every field I cross.

Shall nothing then remind me  
 Of happy days that were?  
 If all my grief is silent,  
 Who'll speak to me of her?

My heart within is frozen,  
 Her face there turned to stone.  
 Best so! For if it melt again  
 Her very self is gone.

## 5. The Old Elm.

A well beyond the archway,  
 An elm beside the well—  
 I've dreamed beneath his branches  
 More dreams than I can tell.

Of all the letters carved there  
 There's one I chiselled plain;  
 And still, when I go by it,  
 It calls me back again.

Last night I passed the elm tree  
 Before the moon could rise,  
 And even in the darkness  
 Was fain to close my eyes.

His leaves began to whisper,  
 The words came silv'ry clear—  
 "Turn in by me, O pilgrim,  
 For peace awaits you here."

The wind got up in anger,  
 The storm came on in force,  
 The raindrops turned to hailstones—  
 I held upon my course.

## THE WINTRY KOAD

7

Now many a league I've journeyed  
And past is many a year,  
And still I hear that whisper—  
"Your peace awaits you here."

### 6. The Torrent.

Many a tear these eyes have scattered;  
All are fallen in the snow,  
Where the parching flakes are pitted  
As they drink my burning woe.

Spring returns and hedgerows blossom,  
And a kindlier zephyr blows,  
While the ice in broken fragments  
Down the snow-fed torrent goes.

Snow, I've told you all my secret;  
Tell me yours; where haste you down?  
For my tears shall groove a channel  
You may follow to the town,

Down the streets, between the houses  
Where the people go and come;  
When my tears are hot within you,  
There's my love, and that's her home.

### 7. The Ice.

Downward, a foaming torrent,  
You took your joyous way;  
But now your heart is broken;  
You've not a word to say.

How stiff and stark the cov'ring  
That lies upon you now!  
How haughty and unyielding  
The helmet on your brow!

I found a flint to write with,  
And on your surface drew  
The name of her I lov'd once,  
The day and hour I rue—

The day when first I met her,  
The day I said goodbye;  
Within a broken circle  
Both name and number lie.

My heart, to you, the torrent  
May still a comrade prove:  
Beneath his steely level  
Lies unrequited love.

## MUSIC AND LETTERS

## 8. The Days That Were.

My heart is one consuming fire  
 Although I tread on ice and snow;  
 I pant for breath, in wild desire  
 To see no more the towers I know.

On every stone my foot has stumbled—  
 I hastened so to quit the town,  
 With icicles and snowballs, tumbled  
 By crows, from every gable down.

Far otherwise you once received me,  
 Discourteous town, in happier hour!  
 The lark and nightingale believed me,  
 The hedgerow welcomed me in flower,

The linden smiled upon our meeting,  
 The laughing brook went by in spate,  
 Two blue eyes shone to give me greeting—  
 —But no man may resist his fate.

The thought of all that day comes o'er me,  
 My wav'ring step turns back once more,  
 The very house is there before me,  
 And she is standing at the door.

## 9. The Will o' the Wisp.

On a mountain bog I blundered  
 Led by false and flick'ring fire;  
 Wits less sane than mine might wander  
 Nightly over half a shire.

Long I've lost my way, and found it;  
 Any road may reach the goal;  
 Hopes and fears are but his pastime—  
 Jack o' Lantern knows them all.

From the mountain down the gully,  
 As of old I make my way:  
 Every stream will find an ocean,  
 Every grief will find a grave.

## 10. Rest.

How tired I was I hardly knew  
 Till daylight had an ending;  
 My task had held me cheerful through  
 Ways dark and unbefriending.



I asked no rest upon the road;  
'Twas far too cold to linger;  
I hardly felt my pack a load,  
Urged on by the storm's black finger.

And here, within a miner's cot,  
Is refuge from its fury;  
Rest have my limbs at last, but not  
That ease which heals the weary.

O heart, that could your pain forget  
And laugh at fate's encumbrance,  
A snake shall stir within you yet  
And sting you to remembrance.

## 11. A Vision of Spring.

I dreamed of the sunny meadows  
Where delicate breezes play,  
The voice of the stream in April,  
The song of the thrush in May.

And then the cock with his crowing  
The stillness suddenly broke;  
In the icy chill of the morning  
I shivered and turned and awoke.

But who had painted the garden  
That bloomed on the window pane,  
And left me hoping and dreaming  
That summer had come again?

I dreamed that I loved a maiden,  
I dreamed that the maid loved me;  
And oh! to hear her laughter,  
And oh! her smile to see.

And then with the cock's shrill crowing  
My heart awoke in pain,  
And now in my lonely corner  
I dream it all over again.

I close my eyes and wonder  
If dreams can still come true,  
If flowers can bloom on the window,  
And the maid of my dreams be you.

## MUSIC AND LETTERS

## 12. All alone.

A sullen cloud is moving  
Through heaven's airy vault,  
The wind is scarcely stirring  
The fir trees in the holt.

I take my way appointed  
With heavy foot and slow;  
Of all my gay companions  
None greets me as I go.

The breezes are too quiet,  
The giddy world too glad;  
For when the storm wind blustered  
I was not half so sad.

## 13. The Postman.

You can hear the posthorn down the road,  
What's that to you, that you beat so loud  
My heart, my foolish heart.

You know he has nothing there for you,  
Your home is far, your friends are few,  
My heart, my heart.

But yes, the post is come from the town  
Where she I loved was once my own  
O heart, my lonely heart.

Why not go back, 'tis not so far,  
And ask how things and people are  
My heart, my heart?

## 14. Grey Hairs.

The frost had crisped my hair to white  
And made me look quite hoary;  
I thought old age at last in sight  
And revelled in his glory.

My hair is dark, my hopes were vain,  
The frost a mere deceiver.  
Alas, my youth is back again  
And death as far as ever.

Grey hairs have come to men, 'tis thought,  
Before the night departed.  
But who believes it? Mine have not  
Till now from when we parted.

## 15. The Raven.

See, a raven day by day  
Flies along before me,  
My companion on my way,  
Wheeling, circling o'er me.

Raven! out upon you then,  
Will you never spare me?  
Will you, if I fall again,  
Cruel, seize and tear me?

Soon I reach my journey's end,  
Soon a sleep will round it:  
To the grave be still my friend,  
Come what may beyond it.

## 16. The Last Hope.

Here and there upon the branches  
Trembles many a yellow leaf.  
Oft I stand beneath the branches  
Lost in thought and sunk in grief.

One leaf hangs; the breeze's plaything,  
There my hopes are hanging too;  
And my soul is but a plaything  
Every breath can shake anew.

If it fall, to earth returning,  
Fades then all the hope I have.  
Then fall I, to earth returning;  
Hope is buried in my grave.

## 17. The Village at Night.

The watch dogs are baying, they strain at the staple,  
But bed is the place for all good people—  
To dream of delights far above their level,  
And wish themselves joy of the good and the evil;

But morning comes, and all is forgotten.  
Ah, well! They've had the good things they thought on,  
And are hoping to claim, by right of trove,  
Under their pillows, the goods left over.

Bay yourselves hoarse, then, and strain at the staple;  
Sleep's not for me, as for other people.  
I had my moment of bliss, as they did;  
The dream is over, the vision faded.

## MUSIC AND LETTERS

## 18. The Stormy Day.

The storm has torn in pieces  
The grey that veiled the sky;  
The clouds, in rags and tatters,  
Discomfited go by;

The fire in leaping flashes  
Is tearing them apart;  
That's what I call a morning  
Just after my own heart.

For in the sky above me  
My fellow I behold.  
There's nothing like the winter,  
The winter stern and cold.

## 19. The False Gleam.

A light I see that flickers pale.  
I follow it over hill and dale.

I follow gladly, although I feel  
It only waits to work me ill.

Ah! when a man's as sick as I,  
He's glad to welcome any lie,

That says, beyond the icy night,  
A home is there with warmth and light,

And one therein as poor as he.  
Deceit's the only hope for me!

## 20. The Signpost.

Why do I shun the highways  
Where my fellows come and go,  
Ever seeking lonely by-paths  
Over hill-tops clad in snow?

Neither hidden sin nor sorrow  
Makes me seek my kinsmen less;  
What is then this foolish longing  
Drives me in the wilderness?

Finger-posts on all the highways  
Point to cities east and west;  
Yet, remote, I still must wander  
Restless, ever seeking rest.



There's a finger-post, portentous,  
Ever fronts my lonely track;  
There's a road which I must follow  
Where no traveller e'er comes back.

## 21. The Inn.

I stood beside a lychgate  
That lay upon the track,  
It's here I'll turn and enter,  
And here put down my pack.

A wreath upon the headstone;  
That well may be the sign  
Of hostel cool, that beckons  
The dusty traveller in.

And have you in this hostel  
No room at all you keep  
For travellers worn and jaded,  
Whose only balm is sleep?

O cruel host, and heedless,  
You give me no reply;  
Then forth we fare together  
My trusty staff and I.

## 22. Courage.

When your coat is full of snow  
Shake it off—like pity;  
When your heart is full of woe  
Chant a cheerful ditty.

Whoso mourns his piteous lot,  
Scorn his melancholy.  
If he talks, yet mark him not;  
Talking's only folly.

Flout the world and all its woe.  
Face the wind and weather;  
If no gods are here below  
Let's be gods together.

## MUSIC AND LETTERS

## 23. The Mock-suns.

A triple sun stands in wintry haze,  
And long I stand, and long I gaze.

And staring on me there, the three  
Will not depart and let me be.

Ah, no! you are no suns of mine,  
On other faces you must shine.

Three suns I had in days that were,  
But two are now no longer there.

And when at last the third has set,  
The dark shall be my comfort yet.

## 24. The Hurdy-gurdy.

Down the village street a hurdy-gurdy man  
Drones his patient music, plays as best he can;

Shuffling on the ice and slith'ring in the snow,  
In his greasy cap there's not a coin to show.

Not a soul that listens, not a heart that feels,  
Look, the very mongrel's yapping at his heels.

Storm and rain and sunshine find him, night and noon,  
Meekly grinding out the same eternal tune.

Let's go on together; turn and turn about,  
I will make the songs and you shall grind them out.

This song-cycle, together with that of *The Maid o' the Mill*, edited with the vocal line by A. H. Fox Strangways and Steuart Wilson, will be published by the Oxford University Press, and should appear early in the year. Other songs of Schubert similarly treated will appear in due course and, after them, many of Schumann. These translations are all copyright, but the copy-right can be lent without fee, for the purpose of printing in a programme only, on condition that those who make such use of them append an acknowledgment in the form—"Reprinted by permission from *Schubert's Songs* translated (Oxf. Univ. Press)."

## MUSIC IN SPANISH GALICIA

THE north-west corner of Spain, the country round Vigo, Corunna and Santiago de Compostela, is different from the rest of the Peninsula. There are days on which it looks as if it might once have been part of the West Country, which came adrift from England and floated round to the coast of Spain, where Atlantic but more temperate gales made it open out and blossom without entirely changing its original shape. A *corredoira* is not a Devonshire lane, though it has a family likeness to one, while to anyone who has cruised off our own west coast the *Rías* seem like the estuaries of Paradise. This country is inhabited by kindly and energetic people, with Irish complexions and soft voices and a language which was the common ancestor of Spanish and Portuguese. The men I met there had a passion for planting trees and founding choral societies, for maps and music. At Santiago I made friends with a mining engineer who found the way into all places where admittance was prohibited. At Pontevedra, the engineer in charge of the forestry department is also secretary to the Philharmonic Society; the Archaeological Museum has an admirably arranged collection of folk-songs, while the septuagenarian apothecary has been a great performer on the bagpipes and has taught the whole country to sing traditional songs in parts. Many people had heard the English String Quartet, and were anxious to know whether I thought that Miss Myra Hess or the English Singers would accept an invitation from the *Filarmonica* as well.

In the south of Spain musical history begins with a quotation from Martial and the dances of the *saltatrices* of Cadiz—*de Gadibus improbis puella*—famous in Rome in the second and third centuries. In the north-west the history of music also begins with dancing—the pious orgies of Priscillian, earliest and most notable of Spanish heretics. Priscillian was a native of Galicia who made converts to Christianity by allowing them to retain certain Pagan customs which his superiors found to be inexpedient. His interpretation of Christian doctrine differed considerably from that accepted by the Church Councils. He did not believe in the Trinity; he held that the world

had been created and preserved by the devil. He denied the resurrection of the body; but (like many living Galician peasants) he believed in the transmigration of souls, and thought that the dead could be summoned from the other world by suitable ceremonies which included music. Lastly, he recommended the use of grapes and milk instead of bread and wine, and held that priests were unnecessary, since anyone of the faithful (*i.e.*, anyone who could sing and dance) could celebrate the offices of the Christian religion. The love for music and the practice of it among the mountain dwellers of northern Spain is confirmed by Strabo and Silius Italicus, while St. Jerome quotes a fragment of a Priscillianist hymn beginning: *Cantare volo, saltate cuncti*.

The heresy of Priscillian, even after its followers had been converted and its founder slain, exercised a certain influence in Galician monasteries; while the popular songs and dances began to acquire a more devotional character as they were gradually freed from gnostic and phallic influences. St. Martin of Braga, who observed the half-Pagan, half-Priscillianist customs of Galician peasants in the sixth century, spoke with disapproval of their magic and devilish songs. *Dismissistis symbolum* (he told them) *et tenetis diabolicas incantationes et carmina*. A Church Council held at Lugo in 571 pronounced against the use of profane music in the Service of the Church. It was unseemly, they decided, that Psalms should be sung to vulgar tunes.

The conclusion is that the earliest music in Spain was not Christian but Pagan; and, as it happens, the most ancient piece of Spanish music which has been deciphered is a secular composition. (Ex. 1.) It is an elegiac couplet from the Codex of Ruiz de Azagra, originally in the archives of Oviedo Cathedral and now in the National Library at Madrid. This MS. contains several pieces which are not liturgic, including that reproduced here. The words are by a seventh century Bishop of Toledo; the music is said to date from the tenth century. The transcription (which owes something to conjecture) was made by Don Santiago Tafall, Canon of Santiago, one of the most erudite musicians in Spain, who both in learning and in kindness is a worthy follower of Padre Martini. There is no staff. The neumes are placed at varying distances from a single line. The absence of a clef makes it possible to read the melody in any mode. Canon Tafall, however, considers that it should be read either in the second (as in the transcription) or in the eighth, a conclusion which he derives from the ascending interval in the final cadence (1)\*. Another profane

\*See "Notes," at the end of the article.



composition of great historical interest exists in the copy (made at the end of the eighteenth century) of a tenth century MS. known as the "Códice de Meyá." It brings a memory of the beautiful Galician princess, Leodegundia, daughter of Ordoño II., King of Galicia, who succeeded his father, Alfonso III., in 910 as King of León, when the two kingdoms were joined. Leodegundia married the King of Navarre and went to live at Pamplona; her marriage was celebrated in a set of "Versi domnæ Leodegundiæ," which are found at the end of the MS.

Laudes dulces fluant tibiali modo  
magnam Leodegundiam Ordonii filiam:  
exultantes conlaudemus, manusque adplaudemus.

(The princess, in fact, shall have music wherever she goes.) It is a thousand pities that the original MS. was lost, for the copyist could not represent the musical notation, which he did not understand, with the same accuracy which he has given to the words (1).

In reading what has been written on the history of music in Spain I have often thought of the meeting I once attended, somewhere in the West Country, at which a man remarked: "Us muzzen get be'ind no *subterrefuges*." There are two "*subterrefuges*" which writers on Spanish musical history invariably get behind. When they meet with anything particularly queer or ornate in folk-song they dismiss it as "Moorish"; the same kind of oddity in church music is put down as "Mozarabic." The climax was reached by the writer who said of Victoria—a Castilian by birth, a Roman by education—that his music was "generated from Moorish blood." Victoria, like other Spanish composers, certainly employed the traditional Spanish tunes of "Pange Lingua" and other plain-song melodies, labelling them *More Hispano*; but it is incredible that any serious student should have taken the phrase for a reference to the Moors in Spain. Victoria was distinguished, among other things, for the expressive quality of his music, the way he set his words. But this was not due to Moorish blood—Victoria's family, as far as Pedrell could ascertain, were "old Christians" of pure descent—nor yet (as M. Collet would have us believe) to mysticism. Victoria learnt how to set words from the madrigalists; the vitality of his church music depends very largely on the fact that he applied the technique of the madrigalists to the setting of Latin words, and almost makes you forget that Latin was to him a dead language.

I hope some day to try to expose the "Moorish fallacy" in Spanish music; the Mozarabic influence (for that is not quite a fallacy) is almost as difficult to prove. The Moors in Spain had no musical notation and the notation of the Visigothic Mozarabic MSS. has not been deciphered. The Benedictines of Silos are said to be working at it, but it is more likely to be read by learned Byzantine scholars, like Mr. H. J. W. Tillyard and Dr. Egon Wellesz. For Mozarabic chant, which is the music sung by the Christians in Spain at the time of the Moorish invasion in 711, is believed to have been partly Byzantine in origin. It was named after the Mozarabes—Christians who stayed behind in the territory occupied by the Moors and were allowed to practise their religion much as before. Its headquarters were Toledo, and its history belongs to the musical history of Toledo rather than that of Santiago; for the Moorish incursions into Galicia were a brief and insignificant episode in its history, while Toledo was under Moorish occupation until 1085. Fourteen years before that, however, the "Superstition of Toledo" was suppressed in the kingdoms of Castille, León and Galicia, and the Roman rite introduced in its stead. There were protests. A Castilian gentleman, Don Juan Ruiz de Matanzos, offered to defend the old order (and the old music) against all comers, and in single combat he succeeded in vanquishing the champion of the new music, who, needless to say, was a Frenchman. He was, however, overruled by the King and Queen of Castille, and the new music was made obligatory in their dominions.

The University Library at Santiago possesses a very interesting example of the music of this period of transition. It is found in a beautiful, illuminated MS., known as "*Liber Ferdinandi Regis*" (2), a book of private devotion written and illuminated in 1055. It begins with the Mozarabic calender; the psalm, "Like as the heart desireth the water-brooks" belongs to the "*Ordo ad medium noctis*." (Ex. 2.)

The period which begins with the second half of the eleventh century is that of the arrival in Spain of Romanesque architecture. It was brought by French monks, by pilgrims to the shrine of St. James of Compostela, by foreign princesses who married kings of Castille and León; with it also came music. Its centres were Galicia and Catalonia (8); it is in these regions that most of the musical documents of the period have been preserved. Music, to the Christians in Spain, was not merely a thing "to distract the frivolity of women and the dissipation of men" as it was to the Arabs and Berbers in the south. It was becoming an art as necessary as architecture, used both for public ceremony and domestic convenience, and it was considered worth while to preserve some of it in writing.

The public ceremony of those times is perhaps more easy to imagine than the domestic convenience, especially among the Spanish Christians, who were in every way less civilised than the Mahometans. The muscular and ambitious prelate, Archbishop Gelmirez, at one time crowned with his own hands a small boy as King of Galicia, and at another was besieged by his indignant flock in a tower of the Cathedral, with a bonfire lighted outside the door. Yet he could enjoy listening to music in his own house, and caused sculptured groups of musicians to be carved upon the walls of his dining-room. The *Portico de la Gloria*\* of the Cathedral, which belongs to the second half of the twelfth century, is adorned with a band of twenty-four old men playing upon a variety of realistic instruments.

Everyone has heard of the pilgrimage to Compostela, the shrine of shrines to which the Milky Way pointed and which seemed, from the perils of the way and the mystery which surrounded it, to be already more than half in that Other World to which the whole of life was only a pilgrimage. Something of the magic rites of Priscillian lingered, and still lingers, about the country; and music, as is well known, has always been closely connected with magic. The pilgrims sang the praises of St. James, and bowed themselves before his sepulchre. Yet it was hinted, and the suspicion never died, that the relics were not those of the son of Zebedee, but of one who had played a far greater part in the history of Galician music. And as to Santiago himself, who was he? He is often to be seen perched upon the top of a stone pillar, like Our Lady of the Pillar of Saragossa. His body was laid on a stone, which was afterwards sunk in a pool of clear water to prevent the wanton hands of pilgrims from reducing it to fragments. In this condition it was shown to the pilgrims in 1581. There was a stone "bed" of St. James and also his "boat," and there was a petrified boat in which the Virgin Mary had landed on the shores of Galicia. Folk-songs are known, addressed to the *Virxe d'a Barca*, which make it clear that the boat was also a rocking stone. A pilgrim who saw it in 1484 stated definitely that the *Virxe d'a Barca* was herself a rocking stone; he could move it with one hand. Santiago landed from his stone vessel at Padrón; so also had St. Patrick sailed upon a paving-stone, and Hercules reached the shores of Spain in a

\* A cast of the Portico de la Gloria is in the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington. It will be noticed that the twenty-four old men in the band are all either talking or tuning their instruments. Not one has his eye on the Conductor.

cup. The Saint was pursued by infidels, and a stone gave him refuge. It softened at his touch, "wax to receive and marble to retain," and he hid in it until he became like Mithras emerging from the rock. He was also a great horseman. Being one of the "sons of thunder," it was believed (and children in Spain are still told it) that thunder was the galloping of St. James. He was the national and tribal hero; he rose from the dead to fight for his country, and appeared on a white horse at the battle of Clavijo, like the angels at Mons and the Heavenly Twins at the battle of Lake Regillus. He ruled the storm, the sky and the sun; his mate was the Lady of the Doves, the "Saint Proserpine" of an inscription, St. Eulalia and St. Columba, whose birds are still set free at Santiago on Candlemas Day: He took care of the fruits of the earth. Before he came the land was covered with briars and nettles, but when he was buried it brought forth abundance of corn and fruit. He was also a bull-god; he gave the Spaniards their totem-animal, to be petted and adored, ritually killed and afterwards eaten—as happens at this day. He had a curious adventure (recorded in an ancient relief at Caldas de los Reyes), in which he appears, like Lohengrin, in a boat drawn by a figure half maiden and half swan, with a holy friar seated in the stern, to observe the proprieties and play to him upon the harp. Lastly, he was the *psychopompos*, the shepherd of souls, the patron of wayfarers; and wayfarers came from all parts to do honour to their patron (4).

The musical interest of St. James of Compostela lies in the fact that we know something of the songs which the pilgrims sang when their long journey was ended and they passed into the Cathedral beneath the eyes of the twenty-four inattentive old men. Examples of their music are preserved in the "Codex Sancti Jacobi," or "Codex Calixti II." (5), so called because it was partly composed by that pontiff between 1120 and 1125. It was continued by Aimeric Picand about 1140, and brought and presented to the holy apostle by Aimeric and Gerberga, a Flemish lady who had made the pilgrimage with him. It includes, besides a version of "The Great Legend of Charlemagne or the Book of Turpin," a hymnary of the Apostle, with both words and music. Chapter xvii. of the first book describes a festival commemorating the translation of the Apostle from Padrón to Santiago, which had taken place by order of Alfonso the Chaste in 829. Pilgrims came from all parts, including Scotland, Ireland, Wales and England, which are mentioned in this order by the original MS. They filled the Cathedral "in ordered phalanx"; and while some played upon their native instruments and others held candles, they chanted devout lays, particularly noticeable for their singing being the Teutons, the Greeks and the English. The words (or what were



taken to be the words) were recorded by someone who was present. The refrain ran as follows:

Herru Sanctiagu,  
Grot Sanctiagu.  
E ultreja, esuseja,  
Deus adjuva nos.

Little did the pilgrims think that the coffin which they ignorantly worshipped held the bones of none other than Priscillian himself.

The music in the "Codex Calixti II." is by various hands and in various styles of notation. It includes

(a) Hymn to St. James (6) composed by Aimeric Picaud, "Ad honorem Regis summi."

(b) Hymn to the Apostle (7) by a learned Galician (*doctore galliciano*), a melody pronounced to be genuinely Galician in feeling. (Ex. 3.)

(c) *Conductus Sancti Jacobi* (8): a composition in dialogue attributed to Magister Robertus, a Roman Cardinal. (Ex. 4.)

The *conductus* was a thirteenth century form in which the *canto fermo* was either a popular melody or an original theme not derived from plain-song. One or more parts were usually added as *discant*.

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(f) Hymn for three voices by a "Magister Albertus" of Paris (11). This is written in score on two staves, the parts on the lower staff being distinguished by the use of green ink for the one and red ink for the other.

(g) The "Canto de Ultreja" (12), brought by Flemish pilgrims. (Ex. 5.)

The staff has only one line, and the intervals have to be guessed from the relative distances of the neumes from it—controlled, of course, by a knowledge of other music of the period. The Cathedral Archives contain a number of readings made from photographs\*

\* A print, too faint for reproduction, has been deposited with the Editor of *MUSIO AND LERRANS*. The *facsimile* given in "Recuerdos de un viaje a Santiago de Galicia," by Fita and Fernández-Guerra (p. 116) is misleading and inaccurate.



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and from the original MS., which, with one exception, do not differ greatly among themselves. The version given in Ex. 5 has the authority of Dom Pothier; though his reading, made from a photograph, has been altered in two places on confronting his version with the MS. The "Canto de Ultreja" has been performed in modern times; sung in unison, and with the barbaric cries of the refrain, it should make a most impressive effect.

The tradition of pilgrims singing at the gates of the Cathedral survived until the end of the last century. In the "jubilee" year of 1868 (i.e., a year in which St. James's Day fell on a Sunday) the Puerta Santa was opened to the sound of the traditional *chirimías* (hautboys), while a band in the Cathedral played a march in the manner of Haydn by the Abate Chiodi, who had been *Maestro de Capilla* about a hundred years before. At dusk a number of blind men sang at the gate. The blind singers appeared again in succeeding jubilee years, 1875, 1880, 1885. In 1886 some of them were gone, while in 1897, when an attempt was made to revive the tradition, only one old lady could be found who remembered the songs. They bore no resemblance to the "Canto de Ultreja"; but they are of considerable interest.

The first (Ex. 8) is a gloss on the *Ave Maria*, dedicated to our lady of Bethlehem; the music is clearly older than the words. The second (Ex. 9) which was sung in dialogue between two groups of voices, relates to the Moorish invasion. It mentions the defeat of Don Rodrigo, and the beginning of the *Reconquista*, with the battle of Covadonga, the tribute of the hundred virgins, and several events from the legend of Santiago, which have already been referred to.

The third was popular in character and Galician in origin; the words had apparently been fitted to a pipe-tune (*tocada de gaita*). The fourth melody seemed to date from the eighteenth century, while the fifth was the recollection of a second-rate *villancico*, heard in the Cathedral and distorted by the memory of a blind man. Nos. 4 and 5, however, like No. 2, related to historical events (13).

Specimens of music for the "diabolical incantations," so disturbing to the Portuguese saint, were discovered in 1914 in the binding of a fourteenth century MS. of Cicero's "De Officiis." They are the "Siete canciones de amor" of Martin Codax, a Galician troubadour who seems to have been a native of Vigo (14). The poems had been known before in a MS. in the Vatican, but the discovery of the music is an event of great interest in the history of Spanish music. In the form of verse, the "Seven Songs" belong to the most primitive

type of Peninsular poetry, being arranged in parallel, or "parallelistic" stanzas of three lines, an arrangement not unlike that of verses 17 and 18 of Psalm cxxxvi. They have the additional peculiarity of being addressed in the masculine gender, and have a curious suggestion of the Idyll of Theocritus which describes the deserted maiden reciting incantations to her magic wheel.

The neumes are written on a staff of five lines; and though the copyist who made the original MS. seems to have been no musician, merely drawing the signs which he saw in front of him and in one case (No. 6) forgetting to put them in, it is possible to read five of the songs with tolerable accuracy. (See Example 7. A facsimile of the original MS. is in the British Museum.) The question arises as to whether the notation is mensural or neumatic; whether we are confronted by measured music, like the Songs of the Troubadours and the "Cantigas" of Alfonso the Sage, or music in free rhythm like plain-song. Canon Tafall inclines to the latter opinion. There is no doubt (he says) that the melodies of Martin Codax are genuinely Galician in feeling. They have the flexibility and grace of songs still sung by country people in remote parts of Galicia; their tonality, melodic phrases and cadences are like those of the songs known as *Alalás*. The first shows this in the cadences of the opening phrase, although the remainder is more ornamented than is usual in an *alalá*, and gives evidence of a more polished and deliberate mode of composition than is usual in popular song.

The popular songs of Galicia from the earliest times down to the present day have certain features, certain unchanging characteristics which persist beneath the complication, the change of tonality or the conventionalised rhythms to which bars have subjected them. There is no real difference between the ancient Galician melodies in free rhythm and similar melodies which appear later in rhythms of 6/8 or 3/4. The essential thing is the melodic line, with certain set turns of melody and typical cadences; above all, there is the diatonic quality of the tonality and the inherent free rhythm (15).

\* The "Cantigas" of King Alfonso el Sabio (1252-1284), though written in Galician Portuguese, are not strictly Galician music, and would make the present article far longer than it is. They consist of more than 400 songs, carols and miracles of Our Lady, set to modal melodies of the time. They have been more studied in their literary and linguistic aspects than from the standpoint of the music to which they are set; but I hope, one of these days, to have the chance of trying to explain what the music is like. The illuminated MSS. are at the Escorial and in the National Library at Madrid, and very beautiful objects they are.



These qualities are certainly influenced by the native instrument, which is not the guitar, but the bagpipes, or *gaita*. The *gaita gallega* (16) is a diatonic instrument with a compass extending from the *b* (below the middle *c*<sup>1</sup>) up to *d*<sup>2</sup> and including *b*<sup>1</sup> natural and *b*<sup>1</sup> flat. The extra sharps and flats which some players introduce are made by half covering the holes, or by means of keys. Another traditional instrument is the *zanfona*, the hurdy-gurdy or *vielle*, an early form of which is being played by two of the old men over the Gate of Glory at Santiago, and by two of the sculptured musicians in the banqueting hall of Archbishop Gelmirez. This also is diatonic. The strings are tuned in the key of *G*; by using the keys, the scale of *G* is produced (with *F* natural as well as *F* sharp) for two octaves. One of each pair of strings may originally have been tuned a fourth or a fifth below the others, producing a kind of organum.

The modes found in Galician popular song are by no means confined to major and minor. They include Dorian, Phrygian, Mixolydian and Æolian (*D*, *E*, *G* and *A* modes), in their authentic and plagal forms.\* A certain likeness to Breton tunes has been noticed.

Another characteristic of Galician tunes, and a further proof of their diatonic quality, is the apparent identity of some of them with melodies of Gregorian chant, not only in the mode, but in the melodic formulæ and cadences. Whole phrases seem as if they had been taken note for note from liturgical chant—the *alalá*, for example, which is nearly the same as the psalmody in the VII. tone. The differences between the popular song and the Gregorian chant is rhythmical, not melodic. (Ex. 10.)

The *alalá* may be defined as a short melody sung to four eight-syllable lines of verse, like the haunting poem of Rosalía de Castro, invoking the soft breezes (*airiños*) of her native land, and begging that they may waft her back to it:

Airíños, airíños aires,  
airíños, da miña terra;  
airíños, airíños aires,  
airíños, levaime á ela.

—words which are indescribably caressing when pronounced by someone who knows how to manage the dialect, and which, as it happens, were written to the tune of an *alalá*. The melody is always repeated in the course of the stanza; it is always in free rhythm, and

\* Of 20 *alalás* in the collection of the Archaeological Society of Pontevedra, 5 are in Mode II., 5 in Mode VII., 4 in Mode IV., 4 in Mode VI., 1 in Mode III., and 1 in Mode VIII.



allows the singer to add as many grace-notes and flourishes as he pleases. Canon Tafall pointed out to me that the tune of the ancient hymn "Regi perennis gloriæ" (Ex. 3) could just as well be sung to a well-known *copla*, describing the way in which Galicians sing. The song of a Galician (it says) is a song which never ends; it begins with a *trainanina* and ends with a *trainanana*:

O cantar d' o galleguiño  
e cantar que nunca acaba;  
comenza con trainanina,  
e acaba con trainanana.

There are many types of song related to the *alalá*: cradle songs, ploughing songs, songs for "braking" the flax, *arrieros* (the songs of muleteers) and *canteros*, formerly sung in quarries, before the introduction of modern machinery, for the "Altogether . . . Up! (*In arriando . . . alto!*).

Among instrumental forms is the *alborada*, known to pianists through Ravel's witty "Alborada del gracioso"—the *gracioso* being the comic servant of seventeenth century Spanish drama. In its unsophisticated form, the phrases of the melody often consist of an unequal number of measures, and even here there is a well-marked tendency to free rhythm, checked by the feeling for the uniform beat of modern music and the barring introduced by collectors of folk-songs. It is played on the *gaita*, or bagpipes, accompanied by the *tamboril*, a small side-drum. Words are sometimes sung to it, but they go with difficulty.

Dance music is represented by the *muiñeira*, of which the "Golpe" (Ex. 12) is an interesting and somewhat unusual example. The *muiñeira* is in 6/8 time; it has given rise, from the rhythm of the words which can be fitted to it, to an anapæstic measure known as the "rhythm of the Galician bagpipes" (*ritmo de gaita gallega*), which in the seventeenth century, was also adopted by the cultivated poets and was used by Góngora and by Calderón himself in his mystery plays and autos. Yet it arose independently in other countries; it was used by the English poets, set to music by Purcell (e.g., "Nature prevail'd and I soon chang'd my mind"), and was obviously derived from the dance-rhythms which were coming into fashion. Various sword-dances are known; there is one to be seen on the day of Corpus Christi at Redondela, a town celebrated in song for the beauty of its women and the fatness of its priests. Again, boys and girls dance on the day of the Assumption (August 15th) in a village church near Vigo,

like the ten little *Seises* who dance, sing and clack their castanets before the high altar of Seville Cathedral for the festivals of Corpus Christi and the Immaculate Conception. (17.)

There was a festival in the Cathedral on the day I left Santiago. An eighteenth century orchestra had been collected, and mass was sung with trumpets and fiddles, flutes and hautboys, as if the twenty-four old men from the Gate of Glory had joined the baroque angel trumpeters from within, in the production of a piece of music which was a supreme example of "clearness, charm and good modulation." A motet by Palestrina, in which the bass voice was doubled by a bassoon, made a curious and gloomy interlude to an otherwise admirable performance. The band had at first been situated in the gallery. Afterwards it played in the nave and the musicians left one by one, each man clattering away to the sacristy with his instrument, in what might have been a new arrangement of that symphony by Haydn in which every man goes out singly with his music and his candle.

The music of Santiago has developed in something the same way as its architecture, but inversely. Outwardly the Cathedral is eighteenth century baroque, inwardly it is thirteenth century romanesque. In music, it is eighteenth century within; but without, the free rhythms and "long-drawn drawl of the voices" of primitive times are never far away. Polyphonic music has only a precarious and uncertain hold in the Cathedral and is seldom or never sung unaccompanied, while the choral societies never, I think, attempt it.

Canon Tafall swam to meet me in gorgeous vestments, which he soon changed for a black cassock with a large crimson cross of Santiago embroidered on his breast. He walked in the cloisters, telling me about Galician music, and gave me his transcriptions of ancient MSS., in case they might be of interest to readers of *MUSIC AND LETTERS*. In return I could only scribble some English tunes for him—modal folk-songs of the Eastern Counties.

J. B. TREND.

## NOTES.

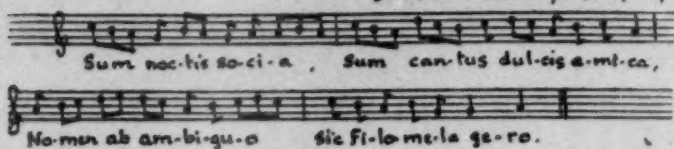
- (1). See Oviedo y Arce and Tafall, *Bol. de la R. Acad. Gallega*, XII. (May, 1917), 117 ff.
  - (2) *ib.* See also López Ferreiro, *Historia de la S. Iglesia de S. Iago*, II., app. lxvii.; Férotin, *Deux Manuscrits Wisigothiques de Ferdinand Ier* (Paris, 1901), 5 ff.; R. Robles, *Rev. Arch., Bibl. y Mus.*, VII. (1902), 375; P. Atanasio López, *Estudios crítico-históricos de Galicia*, 1 serie, 64 ff. (Santiago, 1916).
  - (3) Suñol, *Analecta Montserratensia*, I. (1917), 100.; Ursprung, *Ztschr. f. Musikwissenschaft*, iv, (1921), Heft 3, 136.
  - (4) G. G. King, *The Way of St. James*, III. (Hispanic Soc. America, 1920).
  - (5) *Bol. R. Acad. Gall.*, XII., 117; Oviedo y Arce, *La Música litúrgica* (Santiago, 1904).
  - (6) F. Fita and Fernández-Guerra, *Recuerdos de un viaje a Santiago de Galicia*, 46 (Madrid, 1880); Tafall, *Ultreya: Revista quincenal* (Mar. 15, 1920), XVII., 262.
  - (7) Tafall, *Galicia Histórica*, I., 506.
  - (8), (9), (10), (11) Tafall, *Bol. R. Acad. Gall.*, XII. (1917), 246 ff.
  - (12) Tafall, *Ultreya*, XVII., 262; Fita, t.c. and articles in *Galicia diplomática*, II.; Barbieri, *El canto de Ultreya* (Madrid, 1883); Pothier, *Revue du chant grégorien*, 13 July, 1897; Oviedo y Arce, *Bol. R. Acad. Gall.*, XII.
  - (13) Tafall, *Bol. R. Acad. Gall.*, XIV. (1919), 205 ff.
  - (14) P. Vindel, *Las siete canciones de amor [facsimile]* (Madrid, 1915); Oviedo y Arce and Tafall *Bol. R. Acad. Gall.*, XI-XII. (1916-17). Consideration of the music begins in XII., 117 (May, 1917); C. M. de Vasconcellos, *Revista de Filología Española*, II. (1915), iii., 258 ff.; A. F. G. Bell, *Portuguese Literature* (1922) and *Spanish Galicia* (1921).
  - (15) Tafall, *Galicia Histórica*, I. (1901), 180, 265, 469 ff.; P. Fernández, *Eco Franciscano* (Santiago), XXXIX. (1922), Nos. 689 and 694.
  - (16) R. de Arana, *Bol. R. Acad. Gall.*, IV. (1910-11) and V. (1911-12); also in *Revista Musical de Bilbao*, III. (1911).
  - (17) *MUSIC AND LETTERS*, II, v, (Dec. 1920).
- In matters of bibliography, I am deeply indebted to Professor D. Salvador Cabasa León, of Santiago, whose collection of periodicals and other works on Galician subjects was placed entirely at my disposal.

## ERRATA.

- Ex. 1. For *ambiguo* read *antiguo*.
- Ex. 2. For *meca* read *mea*.
- Ex. 3. For *dotted crochets* read *dotted quavers*

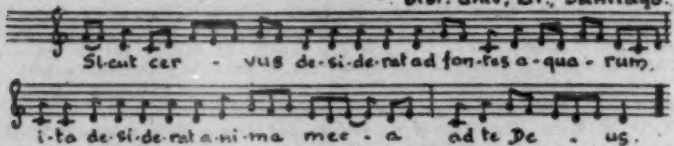
## Ex. 1. Disticon Filomelaicum

Bibl. Nat. Madrid, MS. 10,029.



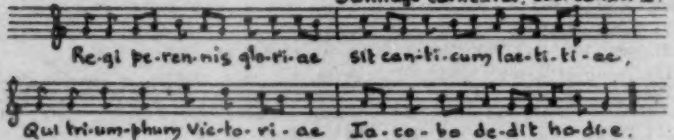
## Ex. 2. From 'Liber Ferdinandi Regis'

Bibl. Univ. Lit. Santiago.



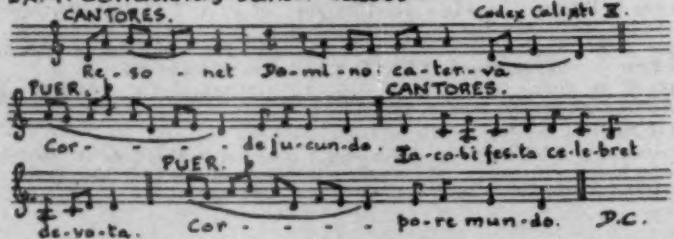
## Ex. 3. Hymn to St. James.

Santiago Cathedral, Cod. Calixti II.



## Ex. 4. Conductus Sancti Jacobi.

Codex Calixti II.



## Ex. 5. "Canto de Ultraja."

Codex Calixti II.



Pri-mus ex a-po-sto-lis Mar-tir Je-ro-so-ly-mis  
 Ia-co-bus e-gre-gi-o Sa-cer est mar-ti-ri-o  
 H. Her-ru Sanc-ti-a-gu, Grot Sanc-ti-a-gu,  
 E ul-tre - ja, E-sus - a - ja, De-us ad-jü-va nos.

## Ex. 6. Hymn for 2 Voices

Codex Calixti II

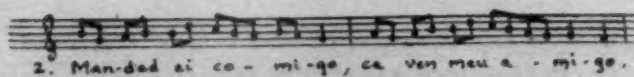
Nos-tra psal-lans plaudet lac-ri-a, Hae  
 in di-a qua ath-le-ta Chris-ti gaudet  
 si-na me-ta. Ia-co-bus in glo-ri-a,  
 An-gelo-rum in cu-ri-a.

## Ex. 7. Martin Codax.

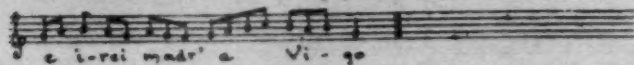
Bol. R. Acad. Gallega, XII (1917), 118

On-das do mar de Vl - go, Se vis-tos.  
 meu a - mi - go, e a-j Deus se  
 ve-rra ce - da.

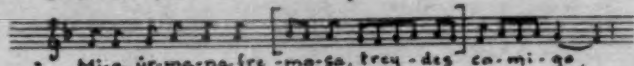




2. Man-dad ai co-mi-go, ca ven meu a-mi-go.



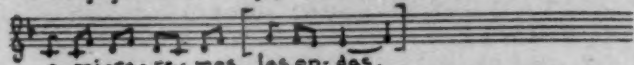
e i-rei madr' a Vi-go



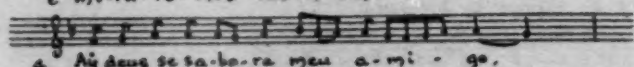
3. Mi-a gr-ma-na fre-mo-sa, trey-des co-mi-go.



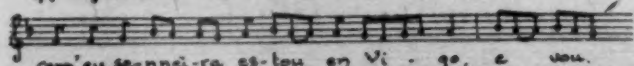
a la q-gre-la de Vi-go, u e o mar sa-li-do,



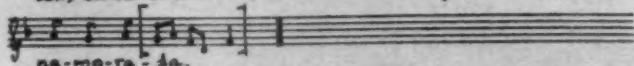
e mi-ra-re-mos las on-das.



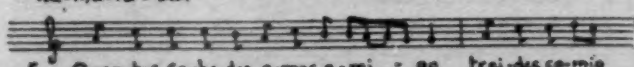
4. Aq-deus se sa-be-ra meu a-mi-go.



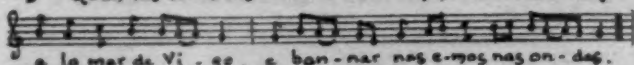
com'eu se-nnei-ra es-tou en Vi-go, e vou.



na-mo-ra-da.



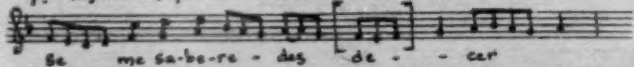
5. Quan-tas sa-be-dos a-mar a-mi-go, trey-des camiq



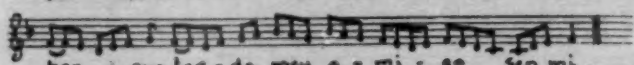
a lo mar de Vi-go, e ban-nar nos e-mos nas on-das.



7. Aq-on-das que eu vin ve-er



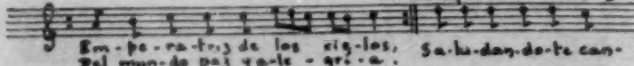
se me sa-be-re-des de-er



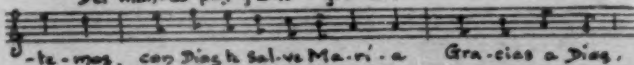
por a que lar-da meu a-mi-go Sen mi.

### EX. 8. Blind men at the Puerta Santa.

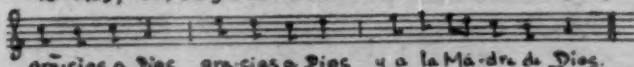
Almanaque de Ferrol, 1905.



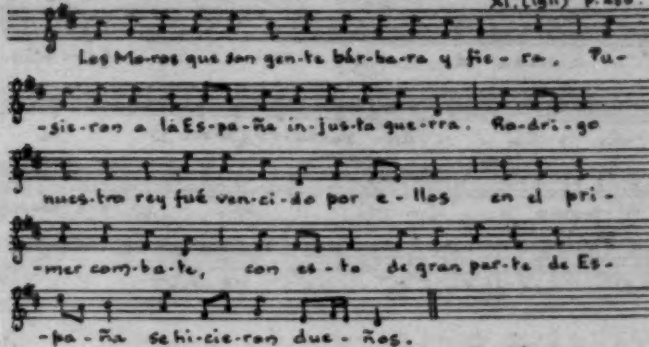
Em-pe-ra-tor de los sig-los. Sa-ba-dan-do-te can-



-ta-mos, con Dios sal-ve Ma-ri-a Gra-cias a Dios.



gra-cias a Dios, gra-cias a Dios, y a la Ma-dre de Dios.

Ex. 9. Blind men at the Puerta Santa. Bol. R. Acad. Gall.  
XI, (1911) p. 226.


Los Moros que son gen-te bár-ba-ra y fis-ra. Tu-  
-sis-ron a la Es-pa-ña in-jus-ta que-rra. Ro-dri-go  
nues-tro rey fué van-ci-do por e-llos en el pri-  
-mer com-ba-te, con es-to de gran par-te de Es-  
-pa-ña se hi-cie-ron due-ños.

## Ex. 10. Alalás.

Galicia: Niebla, I, 274.



1. O can-tar d'a-lo d'a-rrí-ba veni-che-nos d'a-lo d'a-  
-baí-xo A-la-lá. [cf. the following]

Glo-ria Pa-tri et fi-li-o, Et Spi-ri-tu-si San-cto.  
San Francisco 1902, 205.

2. Non ma-ti-res can-pa-dri-ñas, nin can-oni-gas re-car-ta-das  
Xa sa-bes que non te que-ra non me si-gas as pi-sa-das  
*lento*

3. Can-ta-ti-can-ta-rei e-ue i-re-mo los doce-ros  
-tan-do, can-te quen ti-ve-ra a-mo-ros, porqu'os  
me-ús van a-ca-ban-do. Soc. Anquerang, Fontvedra.  
*lento*

Por-que cho-ros mi-ña pren-da, co-mo non hay  
de cho-ra-re? Pa-san por miñ o-men ma-vo  
e non me qui-xo fa-la-re. Pa...

2. Man-dad ei co - mi-go, ca ven meu a - mi-go.  
e i-rei madr' a Vi - go

3. Mira úr-ma-na-fre-mo-sa, trey-des co-mi-go,  
a la ú-gre-ia de Vi-go, u e o mar sa-li-do,  
e mi-ra-re-mos las on-das.

4. Aú deus se sa-be-ra meu a-mi - go,  
com'eu se-nnei-ra es-tou en Vi - go, e vou.  
na-mo-ra-da.

5. Quan-tas sa-be-das a-mar a-mi - go, trei-des ca-mig  
a la mar de Vi - go, e ban-nar nos e-mos nas on-das.

7. Aú on-das que eu vin ve - - er  
se me sa-be-re - des de - - cer  
por - que tar-da meu a - mi - go Sen mi.

## EX. 8. Blind men at the Puerta Santa.

Almanaque de Ferral, 1905.

Em-pe-ra-triz de los cie-los, Sa-hu-dan-do-te can-  
del mun-do paí y a-le-grí-a.

-te-mos, con Dios se sal-ve Ma-rí-a Gra-cias a Dios,  
gra-cias a Dios, gra-cias a Dios, y a la Má-dre de Dios.

Ex. 9. Blind men at the Puerta Santa. Bol. R. Acad. Gall.  
XI, (1911) P. 230.

Los Ma-ros que san gen-te bár-ba-ra y fie-ra, Pu-  
-sio-ron a la Es-pa-ña in-jus-ta que-rra. Ra-dri-go  
nues-tro rey fué ven-ci-do por e-llos en el pri-  
-mer com-ba-te, con es-ta de gran par-te de Es-  
-pa-ña se hi-cie-ron due-ños.

## Ex. 10. Alalás.

Galicia Histórica, I, 374.

1. O can-tar d'a-lo d'a-rrí-ba ven-che-nos d'a-lo d'a-  
-baí-xo A-la-lá. [cf. the following]

Glo-ria Pa-tri et fi-li-o, Et Spi-ri-tu-i San-cto.  
Eco Franciscana 1922, 205.

2. Non me ti-res con pa-dri-ñas, nin con an-i-gas re-cor-ta-das  
Xa sa-bes que non ta que-ra non me si-gas as pi-sa-das  
lento. *lib.*

3. Can-ta-ti, can-ta-rei e-ue i-re-mo los doce-ap-  
-tan-do, can-te quen ti-ve-ra a-mo-ros, porqu'os  
me-us van a-ca-ban-do. Soc. Arqueol. Pontevada.  
lento.

Por-que cho-ros mi-ña pren-da, co-mo non hay  
de cho-ra-re? Pa son por min o-men ma-ro  
e non me qui-xo fa-la-re. Pa...

## Ex. 11. Muleteer's Song.

Eco Franciscano, Aug. 1923

A vi-da dos a - rrei - ros (A-rré!) o -  
 -che u - ña vi - da pe - sa - da, (A-rré!) De  
 d - a non o - yen mi - sa, (A-rré!) de noi  
 - te non dur - men na - da (A-rré!)

## Ex. 12. "Golpe"

Almanaque Gallego, Buenos Ayres, 1923

O pan - dei - ro ten a cul - pa, Etc.

## Ex. 13. Canto de pandeiro.

Sos. Arqueológica, Montevideo

O pan - dei - ro ten a cul - pa, Etc.

## Ex. 14. Carol, with bagpipes.

Eco Franciscano, Sept. 1923

Ca - mi - na la vir - gen pu - ra, de E - gi - p - to pa - ra Be - le - ne.  
 En el me - dio del ca - mi - no el Ni - ño te - ni - a se - da.



## LANGUAGE\*

### I.

We have many languages, and speech is only one of them. There are ultimately as many languages as man makes things. For there is nothing he does in which he can refuse to take some account of "facts" or in which he does not, consciously or unconsciously, express his "ideas." Thus we say that "actions speak louder than words," that if you will "tell me who his friends are, I will tell you what he is," that manners "make" (express) the man, that a face is "expressive" (for the man made his own), that dress "expresses" the wearer, and so on, until we come to the saying which concerns us now, that "music begins where words stop."

So the first question is—Where do words stop? Unless, indeed, there is one previous question—Where did words and tones begin?

Words began when gesture, that ancestor from which miming and dancing are descended, was found inadequate for five reasons:—(1) The hands were wanted for other things, (2) their motion cannot be seen far off, (3) or in the dark, (4) gesture is vague, and (5) imitative, and only concrete images, not abstract, can be imitated.† To the descendants of gesture we may add early written language. Like gesture, it (1) isolates terms, (2) arranges them in an order, (3) is vague. Such hieroglyphics may be found applied to music by at least two peoples, who in lieu of a musical notation drew pictures of their tunes, in consequence of which a person at a distance who saw the picture could sing the tune.‡ "Programme" originates in the same impulse and serves a similar purpose in presenting, not to those who have no notation, but to those who are not going to be at the pains of reading what they have, an intelligible meaning for an emotional language.

Speech seems to have had a triple origin in (1) the cry, animal or human, (2) vocalisation (emission of vowels) and (3) articulation (of

\* Considerable use has been made in this essay of Sir Frederick Mott's *The Brain and the Voice in Speech and Song*, 1910, and of B. Bosanquet's *History of Aesthetic*, 1892.

† In the case of flag-waggers, or of the deaf or the dumb, speech or writing is presupposed.

‡ We find this more credible in the light of our familiar experience that, after seeing words or a situation or a scene, we often find ourselves later on suddenly humming the music that belongs to them.

consonants). The cry is at first a reflex action, like a tear or a blush, and expresses needs and emotions; later, it is intentional, it calls, warns, threatens, gloats, soothes, and so on. Many animals pronounce vowels, and with the child vocalisation follows the cry and precedes articulation. In certain diseases of the brain articulation is the first to disappear, leaving only the power of producing sound from the larynx which can be broken into formless vowelised syllables. Hence we may feel pretty sure that the order as given is not only the logical but also the historical order, although the three stages overlap and interact a good deal, no doubt—a proviso which must stand for any living thing, such as speech or music is.

With the cry only two things come into consideration—the vocal chords actuated by muscles and directed by the sense and the associations of hearing, and the breath which, in the act of the cry, needs control. Which of these is chiefly concerned it is for medical opinion to say, but it is noticeable that nearly all animal cries are from a high to a low note; and, further, it is a matter of record that mankind conceived its vocal scales downwards (and its instrumental scales upwards, for quite another reason). It is obvious that the high notes of a voice (animal or man) are the more powerful, and probable that vocal music would make use of this fact—in musical language, assertive or arresting songs would have a high tonic, soothing and persuasive a low tonic. It was this that determined the *ethos* of the modes of every land, and the particular arrangement of tone or semitone is a secondary matter. Thus we find mode in India, where it reached its highest development, regulating its every peculiarity by the position of the “vocal tonic.” European song has similarly drawn its character—much more, indeed, than many people, even singers, are at all aware—from the *tessitura*, the lie of the voice, the note or notes on which the bulk of the song centres. Since our music is mainly instrumental, we have long forgotten the downward tendency of the voice: a falling melody seems no more “natural” to us than a rising. But that tendency is still felt in the inclination of suspensions to fall rather than to rise; and though music is always making its advance by refusing to resolve suspensions, yet this tendency to fall is inherent in them, and without at least an implied resolution they would be nonsense. A suspension is merely the delaying of an obvious note by one less obvious. There may be various reasons for a note being obvious, but its being next lower in the scale is certainly one of them.

Another characteristic of the cry is that the high note is not immediately attacked, but is usually led up to by a “take off” note.

This seems to be felt as a kind of "sighting" shot, a test note by which the distance of the "high note" is judged. As such it comes into music in the "drone," a permanent, unchanging note by which all the levels of the song are estimated. In the Greek Church this note is hummed by one body of monks while another body intones the melody. Elsewhere it is played on the drum or some suitable stringed instrument; the double pipe consisted often of a drone and a chanter. The alternative drone of the bagpipe is a further step; it provides not only a "take off" note, but also a "relief" key. Ancient Greek theory does not mention the drone, but we can hardly doubt that the note they added below the scale, the *proslambanomenos*, was due originally to this impulse. To this A the ecclesiastical music added a still lower G, on the same principle. When harmony began—that is, when the drone broke up and became a moving bass—a similar thing happened; the penultimate bass note of the song was one tone above the final. Later on this penultimate note became the dominant, but that is a change of detail rather than principle; with that came the important distinction of plagal and authentic scales. Some bell-ringers I heard last Christmas near the Marble Arch were at that stage. There were four of them, and with a bell in each hand they played in C major authentic—incidentally, with such lovely rhythm that they wrung pelf from me. But there were two other bells on the ground. These turned out to be a B♭, which gave them F major plagal, and low G, which enabled them to hint at C major plagal. That seemed to define in a nutshell the minimum requirements of scale.

Harmony seems to have three main sources, of which the first is the drone. The process by which the drone became a moving bass is fully shown in the first volume of the *Oxford History of Music*. On p. 183 the bass is mostly stationary; on p. 195 it mostly moves. On p. 209 two parts move freely, but a drone which shows only a slight tendency to break up is placed below to steady them. On p. 215 the drone breaks up still more. On p. 223 three free parts are on a drone. On p. 298 are three parts, and on p. 305 four parts, without a drone. We see that music to be intelligible requires a permanent within a shifting element; and these should balance nicely. That its chords are too fussy, or that its bass does not move enough, are both well known marks of weak harmony. On the other hand Beethoven's obstinate trumpet notes that deliberately clash with whatever is going on and, generally, pedals ordinary or inverted or figured, add great strength. This is a point that Holst, among our contemporaries, has felt strongly. He likes to drive an identical figure through half a movement, so as to make every departure from it tell—as in

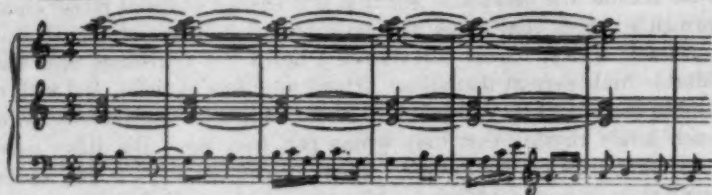
"Saturn," where the effect is tremendous, and "Beni-mora," where it is perhaps a little overdone. Here is a short instance from "Jupiter." The divided firsts and seconds have this figure,

Ex. 1.



which is a light version of the sustained chord below, under which violas, cellos and horns sing a delightfully inconsequent tune, with just a touch of Strauss's bravado in the last two bars.

Ex. 2.



Next, vocalisation, the emission of vowels. The vowels are purely a question of tone quality, which depends on harmonics; any instrument—and the voice is one—which is capable of registers of different quality, alters its harmonics for each tone-quality. Helmholtz, after experiment both ways, laid down for the voice the following:—

For the vowel sound in

Too, harmonics	1, 2, 3
Toe, "	1, 2, 3, 4, 5
Tar, "	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8
Tell, "	1, 2, 3, 4, 5
Tay, "	1, 2, 6, 7, 8
Tea, "	5, and others much higher.

The difference of type means a variation of volume. For "tea" the higher harmonics are not given because the tuning forks only went to the third octave.

That is the nature of vowel-quality; its actual cause is the alteration in size of the resonance-chamber formed by the mouth and throat and, for nasals, by the nose-cavity. But since this alteration is



effected by contracting and relaxing muscles, two movements are apt to be compressed into one, and we get the diphthongs and triphthongs for which English in particular is famous, and some modifications of vowel-sounds which arise from particular consonants that precede or follow. A musical speaking voice, not very common in Teutonic countries, is one which keeps its vowel distinctions clean and bright.

The variety of tone qualities, of which vowel-pronunciation makes us first aware, is strongly felt and desired in music, and if at least half the music of the world is made without any recognition of the possibilities, yet hardly anything gives greater pleasure than these qualities when they are obtained. We wonder how our forefathers endured for so long the monochrome of the flute, and our successors will wonder how we found pleasure for so long in "the bricks and mortar" of the piano. But though the piano has a limited variety of tone qualities as such, it has something else. It can build up that variety by its chords and arpeggios and figurate texture, and, what is much more important, can emphasise at will any note of a chord. In this way it can construct the "colour" which is not inherent in its actual tones. This chording, as it is called, the power of getting a given tone quality by appropriate disposition of emphasis, is the second source of harmony, of which the drone was the first. It becomes of more and more importance in proportion as melody hides itself more behind the harmony. That it does so is due to a third characteristic of harmony which we discuss presently.

But before we leave the cry, from which we have deduced the scale which is a synopsis of melody, and vocalisation, from which comes the emotional tone quality partly induced by chording, we must notice a theory which says that speech was materially assisted by the habit of articulating musical notes, and that when the voice is used under strong emotion it becomes musical by an association with an inherited tendency. We may be supposed to inherit from Darwin's gibbon, who could sing an octave in half-tones, but hardly from some of the rodents, which can also produce true musical tones; and it seems probable that, though music and speech mutually support each other, neither can claim any necessary priority.

Coming now to the crowning act of speech, the articulation of consonants, we have suddenly an equipment upon which convention could fasten with precision. Apart from some mis-hearings\* and mispronunciations† the laws of letter-change are fairly uniform, and if they do not enable us to predict the future, they allow us to account

\* The hesitation about R after G (*g*ooseberry, brideg(r)room)

† The child's pronunciation of *fumb* for *thumb*, etc.



for the past and understand the present. There is one place where music offers an analogy—in the “attack” of various instruments, which is largely responsible for what we call their *timbre*. The string plucked, stroked, or struck; the pipe blown from a sharp edge or by single or double reed; the skin set in motion by stick, cushioned stick, hand, fingers—all these have an individual sound, and could easily become speech. As it is, secrets political or other travel from end to end of India by means of the drum. Heine has one of his very special moments with Mons. Le Grand, who drums *Ça ira*, or *Liberté, Egalité et Fraternité* or German stupidity to the life.

But music has sought its articulation elsewhere—in stress and duration of time, and in dissonance. This is the place “where words stop.” When it comes to the infinite gradations of time, or cross-time, of the weaving of strands of melody which makes the less intelligible dissonance or the more satisfying consonance, words can no longer compete. They have their own magic, born of the interplay of thought, like the colours of shot silk, but it is only indirectly through this that they can address the emotion, whereas music does so directly through sensuous sound.

It is in the relations of time—in its unity of regularly recurrent *ictus* or its variety of picturesque metre—that music comes nearest to the precision of speech. Delight in these reaches back to our earliest records, and any audience of to-day is soothed or excited more readily by this means than by any other; while in cases where music is held to have alleviated pain or cured disease the evidence appears to show either that attention was gained and held by an absorbing interest, which was even greater when the patient himself could take part in the music—and in that case any other absorbing interest would have done as well—or that the nerves were controlled, and a state of well-being introduced, directly by the rhythm.\* In connection with the physical side of music it may be remembered that *tempo giusto* (average pace”—say,  $\text{♩}=70$ ) corresponds with the beat of the average pulse.

In spite of its fundamental nature, time is a difficult thing to keep. We can beat it; but human muscles tire. We can dance or march to it, in which motion the legs form a pendulum; but legs may belong to different people, and a divergence of view then ensues. Luckily, we do not want a wooden time, like the click of machinery; we want it to have give and take, like life. But this give and take must come not by accident but from a central control; it must emanate from

\* In cases of tarantula old medical books prescribe a simple melody with a recurring figure—whence the Tarantelle.

one mind. Time consists in defining precisely the duration of a note, or "point" as it used to be called; and this is best done by letting other "points" run counter to it. These may be only "points on the drum" as in the Siamese orchestra, or in the songs of the Bantu tribes, from which what is popularly called negro ragtime derives. Or they may be melodic points, as when, elsewhere, the voice has a plain melody and the instrument varies the same melody concurrently. At some other time or place it is seen that the melodies need be neither the same all through nor concurrent, provided they show some recognisable connection at important moments. This connection can only be that the melodies coincide at certain points, or that they harmonise. In the latter case we have a third origin for harmony, besides the breaking up of the drone and the colouring of the melody note, in the collision of two melodies.

Logicians seem to have decided that we cannot separate the impression from the expression—that we cannot first have an impression and then express it; in other words, that we cannot think without language, but that, in a sense, we create a thing in and by the act of naming it. Perhaps we may say that of our two forms of language speech states its concepts in a particular and music in a general form, that speech gives them precision and music depth, that speech addresses itself to the question "What?" and music to the question "How." They divide clearly on the problem of form. In the broader sense poetry makes its own form as it goes on, just as music does when it is creative and not imitative. But in practice the form of poetry is almost always conditioned by convention; an epic needs a line of a certain malleability and a breadth of treatment, a lyric some closeness of balance and definite unity, a sonnet is secure as the triumphant emergence from many competing forms. In music we are aware of a greater emancipation from convention. The musician can combine and recombine the elements of form as a poet cannot without sacrificing what makes an epic an epic and a lyric a lyric. The folksong differs from the aria-form (or variation form, or rondo) of a symphony only in size and intricacy. What that means is that in every age and clime music proceeds directly from the fundamental laws of thought, which tell us that A is the same as A (rondo) or different from B (variation), or that A maintains its identity through (and all the more because of) a different B (aria form)—or else that there is no thinking at all. The musician is free to ignore the law for a purpose, as in recitative, or to suspend it, as in fantasia, or to

accept an external law, as in opera; but he can break the law only at the cost of anticlimax; and that is more fatal to him than to anyone else, because his tones mean nothing by themselves but only in relation to each other.

For what music does is to proclaim relationships. In that it is a kind of algebra of thought. Music never says what exactly it is treating of, but leaves us to make our own substitution for  $x$ , and then tells us what will happen to the substitution. Its methods are not unlike those of factorising, summing series, solving equations. Its substance is nothing but numbered time;\* its form is a felt relation of number. Leibnitz called it "the secret counting performed by the mind without knowing that it is counting."†

We are astonished and a little repelled by such a cold account of the matter. We console ourselves at first by the thought that Leibnitz lived too early to have heard a note of Bach, and that what he meant by music was something quite different from what we mean. But that is no explanation really, for the signs are that music was more, not less, of a soul-shaking power in its early days. Besides, the thoughts which man has about the things around him are only modified, not changed, by his growth in knowledge; the æsthetic of painting, for instance, was not affected by the discovery that yellow was a combination of red and green, and not, as we used to think, green a combination of blue and yellow. What we miss is any mention of beauty, which we somehow feel to be what makes music worth having. Yet what, in the last resort, can we call purely musical beauty but true counting? To be in tune is to have counted the vibrations right. To be in time is not to have become distracted or confused in our counting of durations. And if we say that these are too elementary and can be taken for granted (though both are "murdered" every day) and consider structure or "lay-out" as the important thing, what more intricate problem of counting could we have than the calculation of mass and stress?

But what do we mean by counting "right"? Our algebraical analogy does not help us here, for the book out of which we learn usually has the answers at the end, and the best mathematicians look at the answers first in order to see what it is they are intended to do. If music consists purely in number and there is no answer to "bring out," we shall only be like boys pattering the multiplication table. By "right" we must mean establishing a relation between sizes. The unit of music, in its broadest and most practical sense, is, as

\* Tones are nothing but pitch and quality. Pitch is numbered vibrations and quality is combined pitches.

† *Exercitium arithmetice occultum nescientis se numerare animi.*

Parry pointed out, not the note or the chord, but the figure.\* So that what composers try to do is to establish satisfactory proportions between the sizes and shapes of figures. But "satisfactory" is no clearer than "right." And there may be two "satisfactorys," as when Bach writes the second A minor of the "48" and Handel "And with his stripes" on the same four-note figure; or there may be many, as, conceivably, in any Mus. Doc. examination.

In trying to answer this question, what is a satisfactory relation, people have asserted that there is an ideal satisfaction. In spatial form the ancients said the circle, Winckelmann the ellipse, Hogarth the spiral, Zeising the golden section. The golden section is the relation of two lines such that the smaller is to the greater as the greater is to the sum of the two, and the equation  $(a^2 + ab = b^2)$  is satisfied approximately by the numbers 8 : 13 or 21 : 34, etc. Fechner resolved to test this ideal satisfaction. He had a large number of rectangles cut in cardboard, varying from  $2 \times 2$  to  $2 \times 5$  and including  $8 \times 13$ , and asked people to choose. Out of a hundred who had preferences thirty-five chose the golden section and none rejected it.

What that may mean to art we leave the artists to decide, but incidentally a point leapt out that may be important. Most of the people began by saying that it all depended on what the figures were wanted for. This implies that there is no such thing as abstract beauty, or supreme "satisfactory relation," only beauty for a purpose, i.e., concrete beauty. And that chimes in with an idea that we all have, on some occasions more than on others, that the element of beauty that we find alike in a battleship or a petticoat resides in the condition that every element shall be a direct and clearly felt means to an end. The petticoat will be different according as the wearer is going to scrub stairs, dance a ballet or a folk dance, go shopping or hold a salon; there is no *idée* of a petticoat stored up in the heavens; even Fra. Angelico's petticoats are different from all these.

A tune then cannot be abstractly beautiful, only beautiful in a context, in a setting, under these or those circumstances. There is no such thing as the best dozen or the best hundred tunes; they can be "best" only for some hearer, with all his prepossessions and

\* Zimmermann said something like this when he set himself to imagine how the mind constructs form in space. He said that a point in space was simple and without æsthetic quality, and so also was the distance between two points; but that with two such distances an æsthetic relation arose of less to greater. If there was a common measure between them, that reconciled the discrepancy; if not, there was a challenge to the mind to find such a common measure. And this making of proportion out of disproportion yielded a "metrical" beauty, a beauty of measurement.



accept an external law, as in opera; but he can break the law only at the cost of anticlimax; and that is more fatal to him than to anyone else, because his tones mean nothing by themselves but only in relation to each other.

For what music does is to proclaim relationships. In that it is a kind of algebra of thought. Music never says what exactly it is treating of, but leaves us to make our own substitution for  $x$ , and then tells us what will happen to the substitution. Its methods are not unlike those of factorising, summing series, solving equations. Its substance is nothing but numbered time;\* its form is a felt relation of number. Leibnitz called it "the secret counting performed by the mind without knowing that it is counting."†

We are astonished and a little repelled by such a cold account of the matter. We console ourselves at first by the thought that Leibnitz lived too early to have heard a note of Bach, and that what he meant by music was something quite different from what we mean. But that is no explanation really, for the signs are that music was more, not less, of a soul-shaking power in its early days. Besides, the thoughts which man has about the things around him are only modified, not changed, by his growth in knowledge; the æsthetic of painting, for instance, was not affected by the discovery that yellow was a combination of red and green, and not, as we used to think, green a combination of blue and yellow. What we miss is any mention of beauty, which we somehow feel to be what makes music worth having. Yet what, in the last resort, can we call purely musical beauty but true counting? To be in tune is to have counted the vibrations right. To be in time is not to have become distracted or confused in our counting of durations. And if we say that these are too elementary and can be taken for granted (though both are "murdered" every day) and consider structure or "lay-out" as the important thing, what more intricate problem of counting could we have than the calculation of mass and stress?

But what do we mean by counting "right"? Our algebraical analogy does not help us here, for the book out of which we learn usually has the answers at the end, and the best mathematicians look at the answers first in order to see what it is they are intended to do. If music consists purely in number and there is no answer to "bring out," we shall only be like boys pattering the multiplication table. By "right" we must mean establishing a relation between sizes. The unit of music, in its broadest and most practical sense, is, as

\* Tones are nothing but pitch and quality. Pitch is numbered vibrations and quality is combined pitches.

† *Exercitium arithmetice occultum nescientis se numerare animi.*



Parry pointed out, not the note or the chord, but the figure.\* So that what composers try to do is to establish satisfactory proportions between the sizes and shapes of figures. But "satisfactory" is no clearer than "right." And there may be two "satisfactorys," as when Bach writes the second A minor of the "48" and Handel "And with his stripes" on the same four-note figure; or there may be many, as, conceivably, in any Mus. Doc. examination.

In trying to answer this question, what is a satisfactory relation, people have asserted that there is an ideal satisfaction. In spatial form the ancients said the circle, Winckelmann the ellipse, Hogarth the spiral, Zeising the golden section. The golden section is the relation of two lines such that the smaller is to the greater as the greater is to the sum of the two, and the equation ( $a^2 + ab = b^2$ ) is satisfied approximately by the numbers 8 : 13 or 21 : 34, etc. Fechner resolved to test this ideal satisfaction. He had a large number of rectangles cut in cardboard, varying from  $2 \times 2$  to  $2 \times 5$  and including  $8 \times 13$ , and asked people to choose. Out of a hundred who had preferences thirty-five chose the golden section and none rejected it.

What that may mean to art we leave the artists to decide, but incidentally a point leapt out that may be important. Most of the people began by saying that it all depended on what the figures were wanted for. This implies that there is no such thing as abstract beauty, or supreme "satisfactory relation," only beauty for a purpose, i.e., concrete beauty. And that chimes in with an idea that we all have, on some occasions more than on others, that the element of beauty that we find alike in a battleship or a petticoat resides in the condition that every element shall be a direct and clearly felt means to an end. The petticoat will be different according as the wearer is going to scrub stairs, dance a ballet or a folk dance, go shopping or hold a salon; there is no *idée* of a petticoat stored up in the heavens; even Fra. Angelico's petticoats are different from all these.

A tune then cannot be abstractly beautiful, only beautiful in a context, in a setting, under these or those circumstances. There is no such thing as the best dozen or the best hundred tunes; they can be "best" only for some hearer, with all his prepossessions and

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prejudices. That is why we may read a Psalm many times and see nothing in it until one day when, as we say, "something has happened," when it suddenly means a great deal to us; why the beauty of *Tristan* once sounded more than life size when it was conducted and performed under an air raid; and so forth.

Music has been so often called the art of emotion that we have come to accept that as the complete account of it. But it is a language, and language has other things to do besides expressing emotion. Language also defines and communicates meaning. Seeing this, and wishing to find a sense in which music could define and communicate, people have pointed to Wagner's pregnant use of *leit-motif*—when, to expand Debussy's metaphor, he brings on his personages with letters of introduction in the form of other people's visiting cards—and to the baby's bath in the *Symphonia Domestica*. But music never "meant," and never will mean, such things as those. We have much better languages at command for telling a story or presenting an image, and if we wanted to know about such things we should never have recourse to such a roundabout way as is all that tones can give us. Besides, of most of the things that make up life music can give no account at all—of the fall of the mark, the eruption of Etna, baby shows, centenaries, the arrival of the postman, the struggle to make both ends meet, and all that these may imply; so that if this is all the definition and communication music can accomplish, it is of little use to us.

We know the English language pretty well, but when we are at all in doubt about that knowledge we hold up to it the mirror of a foreign tongue; for little they know of English that only English know. So if we want to know what and how music communicates, we must go to those who talk music in a foreign language—such men as Schönberg, Bartok, Satie and perhaps Stravinsky, Goossens, Lord Berners and Alois Haba—*quos honoris causâ nomino*. After a course of them we shall probably feel that the music that we once knew has very distinct powers both of definition and communication. But we shall also feel, which is important, that there are considerable tracts of music which have nothing to do with emotion, and shall return with clearer minds to the gods whom we ignorantly worshipped. The artist in us will restrain the uncontrolled ecstasies of the devotee in us that falls down before every image labelled with the name of the Buddha.

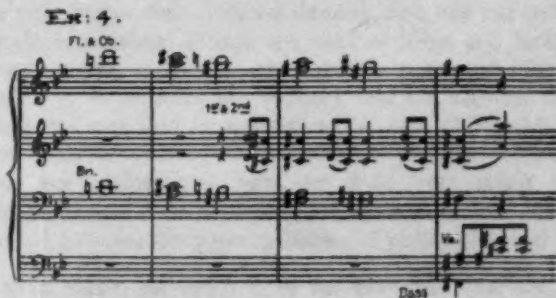
For "definition" we shall hardly find an example so transparent and yet far-reaching as at the beginning of the G minor Symphony. Mozart announces a rapidly moving theme, which might be petulant,

or frivolous, or merely breathless, according as you took it. He suddenly defines the sense in which it is to be taken by a quiet minim counterpoint,



making it stable, serious and calm. It is true, we cannot help feeling how beautiful this is, incidentally, and we cannot therefore say that our emotions are untouched; but its purpose, in its context, is none the less to define.

Or is it part of the "communication" he intends to make later on, that the breathless and the calm motives are no more than two sides of the same matter?



In itself this does not seem much to communicate; but that is the worst of taking instances, which are only single strokes of a pencil that shades in a whole atmosphere. The point to seize is that no composer is out to write beauty. His business is to surround a chosen theme with all the knowledge he has acquired, and to tell his readers something that they did not till then know. Beauties may happen by the way, but they were not sought; if they had been, the structure would have suffered and, with that, the beauties them-

selves have been excrescences, and so not really beautiful. We can call no work beautiful till it comes to an end and is seen in proportion. Then it is seen that the author was trying to do three things: To name or create or express (whichever we call it) the relationships of sounds which he had till then only felt; to define them by juxtaposition of their opposites; and to communicate them to others in forms new enough to be individual and old enough to be intelligible. In those three endeavours, whether he helped to create a folksong or wrote a symphony, he was using language. Any beauty it may have will have lain not, except for imperfect intelligences, in this phrase or that harmony but, if it is true work, in all that is said from the first note to the last.

A. H. FOX STRANGWAYS.



## EMOTION

THE problem of abstract and programme music is ever with us. The fire sometimes only smoulders, but when a Strauss or a Stravinsky comes along, it blazes up at once. At the moment it is not giving off much heat, but only making sufficient smoke to fuddle the layman, who is assured by writers on music<sup>1</sup> that music is a unique mode of experience *sui generis*, but by composers<sup>2</sup>, who almost always give to their works a motto or descriptive title, that it is a common mode of experience though recorded in a peculiar medium. It is an interesting occupation to criticise the views put forward at various times about the real nature of music—Hanslick's arabesques in sound<sup>3</sup>, Newman's dualism<sup>4</sup>, and the "purely musical emotion" invoked by some psychologists and many musicians<sup>5</sup>. But what I wish here to do is to adduce a new argument for the old way of regarding music as the expression of emotion. Most of what has been written about the place of emotion in music was written before psychology had said anything useful about emotion. Indeed, a scientific psychology of emotion only began with William James<sup>6</sup>, and has not yet reached any certain conclusions, though the work of Ribot and McDougall is sufficient to enable us now to approach this ancient problem from a new angle. If we examine the territory that lies between Music and Psychology we may find an answer, so far as a philosophic problem ever does find an answer, to the æsthetic problem, which neither musicians nor philosophers have yet done very much to solve. Psychology presents a rather bedraggled appearance just now, having been pushed between the upper millstone of philosophic and scientific

<sup>1</sup> Mr. W. J. Foxell, for example, in his new little book on "Musical Appreciation," which quite rightly recognises that this is a topic which belongs to Appreciation as much as a study of Form or History, adopts this view. He says: "Whatever intellectual or emotional associations we, or even the composer, may please to make with the music, it is not these, but the musical ideas themselves . . . which are the real content of the music."

<sup>2</sup> Even Vaughan Williams, for example, who has recently proclaimed his allegiance to the Ascetics in no uncertain tones.

<sup>3</sup> See "The Beautiful in Music" (Hanslick).

<sup>4</sup> See the article "Programme Music" in *Musical Studies*.

<sup>5</sup> Among psychologists, Dr. W. Brown; among musicians, who usually use the term *emotion* unscientifically for *sensation*, Mr. Arthur Bliss and Mr. Edwin Evans are representative names.

<sup>6</sup> "Principles of Psychology." (Macmillan, 1890.)



contempt and the lower of superstitious veneration. But, if it has anything to say about music, we can at any rate listen sceptically.

What is emotion, and how does it get into music? I propose to adopt McDougall's view of the nature of emotion and to develop the thesis that all the music which one wants to hear is programme music; that the programme is mainly emotional, that the emotions which are "expressed in" or "are the subject matter" of music are the ordinary emotions of life, and not peculiar to music or purely musical emotions; that this emotional content is the subject of that pure intuition which Croce has described as the essence of artistic creation; and that every work of art (and therefore all music) is a judgment of value, in which the intellectual element is represented by the word "judgment" and the emotional by the word value, emotion being the source of our values. A judgment of value, then, casts a feeling into the form of a judgment, which is a logical proposition involving and addressed to the intellect. When we say "This is good," we communicate in that short proposition a fact and an emotion. The communication is intellectual: the emotion communicated, though recognisably distinct, is inseparable from the intellectual judgment. The psychosis is indivisible. Similarly what happens in Art is that some experience of an emotional character, which from the nature of the case is fleeting, has somehow been caught up and crystallised by the intellect in the same kind of way as the particular facts apprehended by the intellect are caught up and crystallised in concepts. This crystallised emotion is the work of art. On the face of it Wordsworth's famous definition of art as "emotion recollected in tranquillity" seems inadequate, but it does embody this central idea that an evanescent experience has somehow been caught and given a permanent form.

We are all familiar with emotional states by our own direct experience of them, and psychologists tried for long enough to make out an exhaustive list of the various emotions, each of which has a peculiar quality. But the lists when they had got them led nowhere, and only resulted in confusion, for our emotional life does not appear to introspection as a succession of this, that, and the other, but as a continually changing stream in which one element comes into prominence and then fades into something else; fear to curiosity, curiosity to annoyance or anger, anger to disgust and so on. McDougall has, therefore, put forward a hypothesis about the general nature of emotion, which systematises the emotions and brings them into relation with the other phenomena of mind, and yet allows for the distinctive qualities of the different emotions recognised by common speech and literature. This hypothesis does not yet command

universal assent among psychologists, but it is finding increasing support and in the absence of any equally comprehensive account may safely be accepted as the starting point for any enquiry that involves the study of the emotions. The hypothesis is that emotion is the central part of all instinctive mental processes. The complete mental process consists of first becoming aware of a stimulating object, and finally acting somehow towards it in a way innately determined. Between the cognitive and conative activities is a central part, the affective. The cognitive and conative activities admit of very great modifications, not only in individuals, but between one man and another, but the affective part is common to all men and remains uncontrollable and unchanging in the individual. Fear, for example, causes different men to act differently, and men are made afraid by the perception of different objects, and the same individual may be frightened by different objects at different stages of his career; but the central thing, the feeling of fear, is everywhere and always the same in quality.<sup>1</sup> Every instinct has a central part, which may be called its accompanying emotion, with a peculiar quality of its own. These are the primary emotions, and McDougall has sifted out of the vast range of our emotional experience those which seem to be irreducible to anything else or to one another, and tabulates the primary<sup>2</sup> emotions and the instincts from which they are derived in parallel columns thus:

1. Instinct.	Emotion accompanying the Instinctive Activity.
1. Escape (self-preservation, avoidance, danger instinct).	1. Fear (terror, fright, alarm, etc.).
2. Combat (aggression, pugnacity).	2. Anger (rage, irritation, displeasure).
3. Repulsion.	3. Disgust (repugnance).
4. Parental (protective).	4. Tender emotion (love).
5. Appeal.	5. Distress.
6. Pairing (reproduction, sexual).	6. Lust (sexual emotion or excitement—sometimes called love—an unfortunate and confusing usage).

<sup>1</sup> This cannot, of course, be proved, and is only an inference from experience, but there seems no reason to doubt it. Even Siegfried ultimately knew what fear was; the cognitive part of the instinct was not stimulated by the perception of Fafnir in his case, as it would have been in that of most of us, nor was the resulting conation the same in him as it would have been in me (I should never have stood up to the dragon like that), and, again, many of us could have gazed upon Brunhilde, if not without emotion, yet without the emotion of fear; yet there seems to be no doubt that the central affective part of his experience was fear, the common human emotion we all know sooner or later. So that McDougall's doctrine holds even in the somewhat abnormal case of Siegfried.

<sup>2</sup> In "Social Psychology" he gives two criteria for the primacy of an emotion: (1) if a similar emotion is found among the higher animals; (2) if it is found morbidly exaggerated in pathological cases.

1. Instinct.	Emotion accompanying the Instinctive Activity.
7. Curiosity (inquiry, investigation).	7. Curiosity (wonder).
8. Submission (self-abasement).	8. Negative self-feeling, humility.
9. Assertion (self-display).	9. Positive self-feeling, elation.
10. Social or gregarious instinct.	10. Feeling of loneliness, nostalgia.
11. Food-seeking (hunting).	11. Appetite or craving in narrower sense, gusto.
12. Acquisition (hoarding).	12. Feeling of ownership, of possession.
13. Construction.	13. Feeling of creativeness, productivity.
14. Laughter.	14. Amusement (jollity, relaxation). <sup>1</sup>

But the complexity of the experience of the civilised adult is such that he rarely experiences any of these crude emotions in a pure form; far more frequently two or more emotions are aroused simultaneously and blend to form secondary and tertiary emotions. As an example of a binary compound he gives *scorn*, which is the mixture of *disgust* and *anger*. Add *positive self-feeling* to *scorn* and we get *contempt*. In a similar way he accounts for *admiration* as the mixture of *wonder* and *submission*, for *awe* as *admiration* plus *fear* ("admiration is a binary, awe a tertiary compound"). Add *gratitude* to *awe* and we get *reverence*. *Gratitude* in itself a compound of tender emotion and negative self-feeling (submission). *Fear* plus *disgust* is *loathing*; add *wonder* and we get *fascination*.

This account of the origin and nature of emotion as we experience it in ordinary life is but a rough summary: it is necessary to add that these primary and derived emotions are blended with one another and modified in a hundred ways.<sup>2</sup> They are, however, but the raw material of our emotional life, which would be at the level of the animals if we felt and behaved according as the fleeting stimulus of the moment aroused first one and then another of these instinctive emotions and their derivatives. The mind of civilised man is more highly organised than this, for the evanescence of emotion is one of its most noteworthy characteristics.<sup>3</sup> While any feeling of fear, anger

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or more subtly compounded emotion is at once the chief motive of action and the standard of value by which all behaviour, both of the subject himself and of others, is judged while it lasts, its duration is limited. One may blaze with anger for five minutes, remain in a state of bad temper for an hour after an outburst, but a day wears away all but a thin substratum of the most intense emotion.<sup>1</sup>

It will, however, be objected that some motives of instinctive or emotional origin sometimes dominate conduct for years or even a lifetime—stories of revenge offer more striking examples of what happens in the experience of everyone. This kind of emotional permanence is explained by the doctrine of the "sentiments,"<sup>2</sup> according to which our emotions tend to organise themselves about the various objects which tend to excite them. The word "complex" is sometimes applied to these systems of associated mental elements, which are bound together by emotional ties. Psychologists have not yet made up their minds whether the term "complex" should be restricted to pathological "sentiments,"<sup>3</sup> but the fact is now universally recognised, and can be verified by anyone who observes at all carefully the behaviour of his fellow men, that the mind does organise its experiences into systems which are unified by common affect (feeling) in such a way that if one of the elements is stimulated the whole system is called into activity. A musical example will make this clear. By the war a very strong German complex, in which many of the strongest primary emotions, fear, anger, aggression, gregariousness, provided the affective bonds, was organised in the minds of most Englishmen, with the result that many musical people, who could not deny the greatness of Beethoven and Wagner, said quite openly that, while they did not wish to say anything against the quality of the music, they did not want to hear it just now; in the case of Strauss they went further, and not only would not listen to him, but saw in the fact of his writing for an orchestra of some size the megalomania of the Kaiser; while purists, who previously condemned the use of any song translations could no longer bear to hear their Schubert and Brahms

<sup>1</sup> In this crude analysis I have omitted the intermediate mental processes which depend on circumstances, whether, e.g., in the case of anger the emotion is vented on the offender, in which case the transient character of the emotion is even more apparent; or, whether, in cases where no conation is immediately involved, the crude emotion brings into operation a sentiment like justice, which ultimately satisfies the instinct in the indirect form of punishment. The point is that not only is our whole emotional life varying from moment to moment, but any particular emotion which may be dominant for an appreciable time varies in intensity and in no short time is replaced by another.

<sup>2</sup> Enunciated by Ribot ("Psychologie des Sentiments") and elaborated by Shand ("Foundations of Character"), and McDougall ("Social Psychology").

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in German. Any German association tended to rouse the whole complex into activities with its accompanying emotion of strong repugnance. It is from "sentiments" or "complexes" of this kind, though they are not always so highly charged with strong affect, that most of the emotions of ordinary experience are derived. Sometimes an instinct may be aroused pure and its corresponding pure emotion experienced, but much more frequently our feelings are blends of several instinctive emotions or derived from sentiments. In any case, the ultimate source of any emotion must always be sought among the instincts.

It is the difficulty of finding adequate origins in instinct that compels us to reject the hypothesis of a purely musical emotion. For either we have to postulate a purely musical instinct, or to show that we have a music sentiment capable of yielding the rich emotional content revealed in the works of composers and experienced by the listener. The objections to postulating a primary instinct for music are numerous, independently of the biological objections. First, there is the wide recognition already noticed that whatever the nature of musical satisfaction may be, it is the same in essence as that derived from the other arts. If we postulate an instinct for art we shall be driven to do the same for religion, scientific enquiry and conscience<sup>1</sup>—which seems to be untidy and uneconomical thinking. Further, as we shall see, there are elements of several other instincts embedded in æsthetic experience, so that it cannot be one of the primary instincts. Then, again, the emotion yielded by a primary instinct is a single feeling of peculiar quality (*cf.* Ribot's definition), and it would be difficult to regard the content of a funeral march and a scherzo as producing the same single peculiar effect on the listener. If we admit a whole series of emotions peculiar to music (as Dr. Brown<sup>2</sup>), we have but added to our difficulties, for we can give no account of them or of their origin. The most hopeful source of a purely musical emotion is the sense of rhythm. "Sense" of rhythm we say, but it has some claims to be called an instinct. Rhythm is undoubtedly innate, and not only an innate faculty (*i.e.*, akin to other forms of apprehension), but possessing considerable dynamic powers, which bring it very nearly into the realm of emotion (Wundt, indeed, calls it an emotion). A rhythmic movement, like drumming with one's heels, seems to produce a purely rhythmic pleasure of an emotional character,

<sup>1</sup> Dean Rashdall and Prof. McDougal recently carried on a considerable controversy in the "Hibbert Journal" on a point closely akin to this.

<sup>2</sup> "The Quest," 1912, where he states (but does not argue) that "Music expresses an emotional life peculiar to itself. The emotions represented are not the emotions of everyday life, nor are they even idealised forms of these emotions."

but it may also produce a whole series of ordinary emotions ranging from stupor to frenzy. In any case, whether it be an emotion or a sense—the sense by which we apprehend time—and however large a part it plays in musical satisfaction<sup>1</sup>, we are hardly entitled to explain the emotional significance solely in terms of rhythm and take no account of the great powers of emotional expression possessed by other elements in music, melody, harmony, design and tone-colour. The whole is greater than the part.

But if we have no æsthetic instinct it is certain that we have an æsthetic sentiment. M. Ribot in Ch. x. of his classic work on the emotions expresses the origin and traces the evolution of our æsthetic

<sup>1</sup> Not long ago I heard the Hungarian String Quartet play Mozart's D minor quartet, in which the trio of the Minuet contains this passage:



At the asterisk they made a hardly appreciable pause, the very smallest possible hold-up of the rhythm. The effect was electrifying, and woke me from a semi-bored stupor to which a previous quartet had reduced me, to a most intense feeling of pleasure and awakeness, and I remember that I started up in my chair. This experience had all the marks of emotion and fitted Ribot's definition in every respect, including an organic disturbance in the region of the spine, the motor discharge involved in my sudden change of position and the unique pleasurable feeling-tone. In asking myself subsequently what this emotion was, I could find for it nothing but a purely rhythmic content. But I do not wholeheartedly accept even a purely rhythmic emotion. I hesitate to appeal to symbolism, by arguing that the rhythmic emotion is a symbol of some other emotion. I do, however, regard this as the most serious objection to my view of the nature of art (as the expression of ordinary emotion). It might be possible to meet it by putting forward a hypothesis of "undifferentiated emotion" corresponding to "free libido" which appears to introspection merely as "excitement." But I do not know.

sentiment. He accepts the true origin of art as lying in the play impulse, and is emphatic that there is a purely instinctive element. "This *x*," he writes, speaking of the *proprium quid* of creative work, "which for want of a better term we may call spontaneity, is of the nature of an instinct. It is a craving to create, equivalent in the intellectual order to the generative craving in the physiological order." And from this germ he traces the evolution of the sentiment through dancing, which is muscular play, and ornament, which has a social value, to the anthropomorphic stage where art is freed from a merely human reference and man is enabled to derive æsthetic pleasure from the natural beauty of scenery (a late development for which there seems to have been no taste even in classical times), till finally he can talk of "Art for Art's sake." Some such analysis must be accepted of the origin of the pleasure which we derive from the contemplation of beauty (whether of Nature, art or anything else). This particular emotion is present in any artistic activity. A singer or conductor, for example, if asked to register the emotional content of his consciousness at the actual moment of performing a work will be most aware of a sense of power or impotence in "getting it over," whether he has got his audience, whether he is getting this nuance from his instrument and so on; in fact, the dominant emotion is that derived from the instinct of construction and is identical in kind with that of a potter shaping his vessel, of a schoolboy solving an algebraical problem, of a chemist at the critical moment of his experiment, or of anyone engaged in anything which is "coming right" or "going wrong." But this emotion is plainly not that which inspired the composer to write, though it will dominate his mind perhaps during the labour-pains of composition, and it is certainly not what the listener feels. It is neither a purely musical emotion nor is it the emotional content of a work of art. The emotions of the listener give one a valuable clue, for though he feels foreboding at Zamiel's syncopated drum-taps in *Der Frieschutz*, heavenly rapture in the last movement of the Ninth Symphony, and stark terror in Holst's *Mars*, yet it is not quite the same foreboding that he experiences at receiving a summons to a fateful interview or the terror of actual warfare. Something happens to the emotion which makes it different, though leaving it the same emotion. This something is Wordsworth's "remembering in tranquility." It is the essence of art, like the essential meaning of a thing crystallised in a concept. The emotion is caught up by an act of intuition.

The difficulty of this view for music is the indefiniteness of the emotion as seen by introspection and the great variation in the emotion produced in or suggested to different minds. The *Andante*



of a string quartet may suggest to one the tranquility of the sea at Margate on a summer morning, to another the tranquility of religious resignation, to a third the quiet satisfaction of a piece of work well done; while the composer, if pressed for the impulse which begot the work, may say that it was some charming idyll which he read in a book of short stories. This very serious difficulty is robbed of its worst terrors by Ribot's doctrine of emotional memory and by a consideration, universally recognised, of the complexity and variation in human character.

Let us see how all this works.

It is to deliver myself into the hands of the enemy and to commit the unforgivable sin. But for argument's sake let me take a musical example and imagine a not impossible (I hope) programme for it. Brahms towards the end of his life wrote



Taking this movement in connection with what we know, both from his music and his biography, of his life, thought, tastes and character, we may interpret it as an expression of that passionate longing, which for some natures is specially apt to arise at the contemplation of great natural beauty, to seize upon life, to stop the flow of time,<sup>1</sup> and with a side-glance at Death to eternalise the transient. There is no one name for a complex emotion of this kind, and its quality is so subtle as to be inexpressible save in music—words will not do it.<sup>2</sup> Possibly not every human being will feel the mingled wistfulness and gratitude of it, and those who do feel it will feel the mingled emotional elements in different degrees of strength according to their intellectual faith, their emotional sensitiveness, even their physical sensitiveness to sun and air, in a word, according to their personality. Hence it comes about that any two violinists playing this work may take this theme

<sup>1</sup> This element is present, I think, in some degree in all big art, but in this work it is very strong.

<sup>2</sup> But it can be analysed, and its instinctive origins indicated. First, the great natural instinct of preservation of the self, combined with, strange as it may seem, negative self-feeling, then some root of gratitude to the Creator in which tender emotion and negative self-feeling are blended; to these must be added an element of wonder and, perhaps, a small amount of joy and sadness, both complex emotional states. The bracing element which becomes more prominent in the second subject is derived from the self-regarding sentiment.

a shade faster or slower, and while they can hardly fail to feel its wistfulness, may interpret it in a different sense from that given by two other violinists. And it also comes about that while we can all write strings of thirds and sixths, they won't be what Brahms wrote because we are not Brahms and have not the precise blend of intellectual, emotional, moral and all the other traits that Brahms had. Further, a similar emotional stimulus would react differently on Bach or Mozart or Holst.<sup>1</sup> These are commonplaces admitted widely enough, but not always realised at their full value. They would certainly be difficult to maintain and account for on Hanslick's theory of "arabesques sonores."

It seems safe to assume that all humans are equipped with the same instincts from which emotion is ultimately derived, and that we can all experience all the emotions—Mr. Holst says that musicians are expressing in sound what all men feel; and yet within this fundamental sameness there is the enormous divergence which we have just noted. When we come to the divergence of interpretation given by those who listen to the Clarinet Quintet or to our imaginary tranquil *Andante*, how shall we reconcile the summer morning at Margate with religious resignation? By M. Ribot's theory of emotional memory; which claims that emotional states divested of all their accompanying circumstances can leave behind them a memory of themselves. Alongside of ordinary intellectual memory is this affective memory in which the feeling of love, fear or disappointment is separated from its causes on the various occasions on which it was experienced, and is in a sense an *abstract emotion*, analogous to an abstract idea (or concept). Now the motion of music arouses general or abstract emotional states (an abstract of tranquility in our example) and through them by means of association and a kind of emotional reverberation, calls up in each hearer his own particular images and ideas which have once formed the settings of such emotional states in each individual's experience.<sup>2</sup> Confirmation is found for this doctrine in the close connection between emotion

<sup>1</sup> I had a very good illustration of this at an orchestral concert at which Dvorak's violin concerto and Mozart's horn concerto were played on the same evening. The last movements of both works seemed to me to express the same feeling of light-hearted gaiety. The sameness was easily recognisable though it passed through the medium of the personality of a passionate Czech on the one hand, and of a mercurial Viennese on the other.

<sup>2</sup> M. Combarieu's criticism of this doctrine in "La Musique, ses Lois, son Evolution" is directed not against its explanation of differing interpretations, but against the view that the subject-matter of music is these abstract emotions. My view is that the composer is expressing a definite emotional state which may, it is true, have more than one root in his total past experience, and so far be a generalised emotion, but which is essentially a programme felt at a definite moment.

and bodily movement and the movement of music. Thus M. Combarieu, who rejects the idea that musical composition is emotional memory, claims for his own doctrine<sup>1</sup> what he calls "le dynamisme de la vie passionnelle." "Directement, la musique ne peut traduire aucun sentiment déterminé," he says [which is precisely what I argue it does do]; "mais, de la vie psychique elle traduit l'intensité, le dynamisme intérieur et général avec tous ses degrés . . . elle néglige les représentations et les concepts qui accompagnent l'état affectif; elle n'en retient que l'énergie. . . . Elle est pour ainsi dire le dynamomètre de la vie sentimentale." The same idea appears in H. J. Watt's "Foundations of Music." "Melody," he says, "is the *motional* connection between tones, and with all its means of variation (rhythm, speed, pitch, etc.) it is only necessary to bring the motions of music into some sort of correspondence with the character of the acts and energies of man for it to be able to express his soul's life." Music is a form of motion, non-spatial but temporal. On the other side the connection of emotional states with bodily movements has been emerging more and more clearly in psychology. James's topsy-turvy doctrine of the emotions is only an overstatement of the accepted view that it is incipient conation. The two words "motion" and "emotion" significantly have a number of their letters in common. No one can deny motion to music, though he may wish to keep it free from e-motion. Motion will thus express the ebb and flow of psychic energy; an emotional state of whatever sort—whether, as Ribot says, it be the feelings that arise from neuralgia or the grief expressed by Michael Angelo in his Sonnets—reduces itself to a heightening or depression of the energy of the organism. The motions of music will then express the composer's emotions and awaken those of his audience, and just as every individual listener has a different idea of the concept "dog" according to his individual experience of particular dogs, so will his emotion of tranquility be different according to the different circumstances (at Margate or in a cathedral) in which he has experienced tranquility and to the individual make-up of his own character.

An objection which a doctrine such as the one here put forward has to meet is the phenomenon of the prodigy, which has occurred so frequently in the history of music. If character and emotional experience are the vital essence of music, how can the music of a very young man, a Mozart or a Mendelssohn or a Schubert, have the

1 "La musique est l'art de penser avec des sons sans concepts."

worth which a great deal of this "young" work undeniably has? It is hard to give a complete answer, but two things may be borne in mind. First, instinct is a natural endowment and may develop young, so that the chief ingredient, emotional susceptibility, is given, just as exceptional intellectual ability is a gift of Nature and may put forth its powers early; any theory, except perhaps Hanslick's formalism, must take so much for granted. Second, though it is easy to make a list of youthful geniuses who have given birth to full-grown works of art, an equally if not more imposing list may be made of composers who, like Beethoven and Wagner, have only produced their greatest work in maturity after deep experience of life. We shall never explain why some men are more gifted than others, nor why one man's gift runs to making those flying leaps which we call creation in the field of chemistry and another's in the field of periodic sound vibrations. But that need not discourage us from examining the fruits of the gift, nor invalidate its analysis. Let us look the difficulty boldly in the face and pass by.

Emotion, then, is the impulse which sets the creative instinct at work and is the subject-matter of the communication that the creator gives to the world. In the process of giving it he crystallises it, putting into permanent form something that as it occurs is of brief duration. How does he do it? What is the nature of the crystallising process? Modern opinion in the main follows Croce in declaring it to be an act of intuition, i.e., it is a process of cognition and the work of the intellect. Lascelles Abercrombie pursues the implications of this and says that beauty is not a quality of things but an intuition or judgment passed on experience, and the work of art is the expression of the complete experience, which includes the value it has for the mind which experiences it.<sup>1</sup> He further holds, as Croce does not, that an essential attribute of art is that it is communication or publication to others of a complete experience ("complete" again—"complete with values"), and for purposes of communication the expression must be external; and since an intuition, if it is to be communicated, must take the form of a judgment, we are justified in saying that the intuition of art is a judgment of value. Art is not concerned with

<sup>1</sup> *Essay towards a "Theory of Art,"* p. 50: "When we say that art consists of the expression of experience, we mean the expression of *whole* experience: both of the substance which the world contributes by being experienced and simultaneously of the value which the mind contributes." The reader is referred to the earlier chapters of this work on "aesthetic experience," which is the raw material of art, because Abercrombie might deny that this was the same thing as the emotional experience for which I argue. "Face value" is his test for aesthetic experience. But must not even "face value" satisfy some instinct?



facts or statements and can make no existential judgments; its subject-matter is value, and experience only has value in so far as it appeals to and satisfies our emotions. For the emotions, rooted though they are in instinct, are the finest flower of human evolution without which reason itself is barren and may be evil. And it is the highest in man with which the masterpieces of music deal.

F. S. Howes.

## OF A MUSICIAN'S HANDS

So fine are they, so delicate, so strong,  
I know no delicates, stronger things—  
Unless they be the very heart's own strings,  
Or tiny wrens, unshaken by their song  
That shakes the hedgerow, as I pass along  
Wondering to know whence such loud music springs :  
So cling they near to life, so dart on wings  
Those hands of yours that unto God belong,  
Prompt to the Chief Musicianer's commands,  
Tuned instruments to make His Music known,  
To bear on high, to dare the abyss beneath,  
To say, 'Tis so, to ask, Who understands?,  
To point how far the falcon Hope is flown :  
Governing Life, O hands, challenging Death.

W. MURRAY MARSDEN

## HASSAN—THE FIGURE IN THE CARPET

"ALMOST unanimously the musical critics have decided that my quartet is bad and formless. . . . By 'formless' they evidently cannot be referring to the Sonata-convention, for (as any musician will notice) the subjects are in their right places, while the statements, 'free fantasias' and recapitulations are almost pedantically correct."

Thus a composer recently defended himself. And he exposes by his diagrammatic conception of form, with its subjects in the right places and its pedantic rectitude in other ways, the fundamental weakness of his music. Anyone with the technical knowledge and the patience can sit down and work out a couple of subjects in conventional form; a machine on the lines of those marvels that add up sums might do it. But it takes genius to create real form, which is one of the synonyms of beauty. Form in this sense is rarely pedantically correct; the subjects are seldom in the right place. The material moulds the form, not the form the material. And, after all, the text-book theories of what is correct and what is the right place are only derived from the practice of the masters after the event, by which time the form has become a dead convention suitable as a starting-point for the man of genius but not as his aim. Even so the text-books, finding continual breaches of the ideal rules they deduce, have frequently to invent their own examples of perfection in theoretic form for the reason that Bach and Beethoven and the rest did not work by the book, but by the light that was in themselves.

Now while form in music, and in painting for that matter, is easy for the expert to analyse; in literature (leaving aside the more obvious shapes of lyric poetry) it is far less tangible, partly owing to the intrusion of dramatic interest and partly because there is no technical vocabulary in which to describe it. But by use of analogies, which must not always be pressed, however, to their fullest logical conclusions, we can, by a kind of chemical process of precipitation, separate and identify the elements which give a work of literature its beauty. This is the most useful function of criticism and I propose in this essay to apply this method to James Elroy Flecker's *Hassan*.

According to the rules and regulations of dramatic composition, *Hassan* is all wrong. Critics have not been wanting to point out, and even ardent admirers have admitted, faults in its construction. Its

success has been by some attributed to the superficial attraction of florid speech decked out with an Eastern spectacle. But there must be another explanation of the profound impression which the play has made, not only upon the large public but also upon hard-headed persons whom bitter experience had prejudiced against modern poetic drama, especially in an Oriental setting at His Majesty's Theatre. I leave aside those unfortunates who are afflicted with that form of critical attitude, which has been defined as "a nervous inability to enjoy anything." These will always seek to dispraise the more violently any work which shows signs of winning general approval.

Satisfaction with a work of art comes from some quality inherent in it and not from externals which may give a passing pleasure. The possibility of returning again and again in memory to an experience and of thereby reviving the first enjoyment of it, undimmed and unstaled, is surely the best proof of its abiding greatness. The two elements which seem to give this quality of permanence to *Hassan* are its contact with humanity and its formal beauty. With regard to the first, it is only necessary to quote Flecker's confession of faith put into the mouths of Caliph and Hassan at the beginning of Act III:—

*Caliph:*

. . . . . When did you learn poetry, Hassan of my heart?

*Hassan:*

In that great school, the Market of Bagdad. For thee, Master of the World, poetry is a princely diversion: but for us it was a deliverance from Hell. Allah made poetry a cheap thing to buy and a simple thing to understand. He gave men dreams by night that they might learn to dream by day. Men who work hard have special need of these dreams. All the town of Bagdad is passionate for poetry, O Master. Dost thou not know what great crowds gather to hear the epic of Antari sung in the streets at evening? I have seen cobblers weep and butchers bury their great faces in their hands!

*Caliph:*

By Eblis and the powers of Hell, should I not know this, and know that therein lies the secret of the strength of Islam? In poems and in tales alone shall live the eternal memory of this city when I am dust and thou art dust, when the Bedouin shall build his hut upon my garden and drive his plough beyond the ruins of my palace, and all Bagdad is broken to the ground. Ah, if there shall ever arise a nation whose people have forgotten poetry or whose poets have forgotten the people, though they send their ships round Taprobane and their armies across the hills of



Hindustan, though their city be greater than Babylon of old, though they mine a league into earth or mount to the stars on wings—what of them?

*Hassan:*

They will be a dark patch upon the world.

And if Flecker, in this last line, was referring satirically to the England of his day, the success of his play shows that perhaps we are not so black as he feared.

With regard to the form there is more to be said. It seems to me like one of those prayer-mats of the East, whose design begins with two simple lines—Hassan's position as a humble sweetmeat-seller—then is enriched by the Caliph's attempt to weave the pattern of his life, coloured with the purple of power and streaked with the crimson of lust; but the lines run on, narrowing in an arch, until they point towards the ideal, the unattainable freedom of Mecca or golden Samarkand. It is, Flecker says, the journey which matters, not the arrival at one's destination. The pattern is not as closely woven as could be wished. But this looseness, which Flecker himself might have tightened up, is a fault present in nearly all the master-pieces of English imaginative literature. Shakespeare—think of *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*—and all the novelists, except Henry James and Joseph Conrad (who are foreigners), and perhaps Thomas Hardy (whose form is sometimes almost an algebraic formula), and a few of the younger writers who have learnt in the French school, have this fault of construction, and yet are not denied greatness. But if we test the strength of Flecker's texture, we shall find that warp and woof are sound and only need consolidation; and if we examine the pattern, we shall perceive that there is a very definite figure in the carpet.

The play is, if I may so violently change my metaphor, almost in sonata-form. The first scenes recur in the manner of a development and recapitulation, with heightened emotional intensity in the later acts. There are two clear instances: First, the situation of Hassan beneath Yasmin's window is repeated in a different form when the confectioner has fallen from favour in Act V, Scene 1. Flecker points the parallel by putting into Hassan's mouth the words, "As swans go double on the river, so do events come drifting down our lives." Secondly, Hassan is twice found by Ishak lying insensible in the moonlight after the emotional stress, first of Yasmin's conduct and then of Pervaneh's torture, have overcome him; and in the later scene Ishak says, "His life is rhyming like a song."

But there are subtler touches than these. Just as Flaubert uses

the parrot as a *leit-motif* in *Un Cœur Simple*, and as Conrad is always repeating striking phrases which make a reader's mind associate with past occurrences the events which are proceeding, so Flecker employs various symbols to unify his drama. The fountain, witness to the Caliph's cruelty, is one of these; another is the carpet, which is never absent from Hassan's mind and in which is woven every kind of imagery. Hassan will slay Yasmin to colour more red flowers upon his carpet, the Caliph is a designer of human carpets, and upon the admired carpet in Hassan's pavilion Rafi and Pervaneh are tortured to death.

The main criticism made about the construction of the play is that half way through the interest passes from the story of Hassan to that of Rafi and Pervaneh. To some extent this criticism is just, and it is here that the looseness in the weaving and a consequent distortion of the pattern's symmetry appears. Yet in reading the text, I do not feel that, as one critic put it, Hassan drops unaccountably out of the scheme and becomes a mere spectator. For me the tragedy, or rather the comedy, remains Hassan's, and it is in his reaction to the fate of Rafi and Pervaneh, not in their story for its own sake, that interest is centred. I say "in reading," because the cuts and alterations made at His Majesty's Theatre have the effect of concentrating attention upon the lovers. This is one of the cardinal faults of the production—the other is the reduction of the ghost-scene to a meaningless absurdity—for, since there is a weakness in the connection between Hassan and the lovers, everything should have been done to strengthen such links as Flecker provided. It is, therefore, singularly unfortunate that the scene between Ishak and Hassan in the prison-vaults has been omitted. This scene shows us for the first time the fully developed character of Hassan and his sensitive, poetic nature, and contains a statement, very relevant to the action, of the motives of the poet, which cuts right down to the sources of art:—

*Hassan:*

Could you spy on that? [The lovers making their choice.]  
How cruel!

*Ishak:*

The poet must learn what man's agony can teach him.

*Hassan:*

Is it not then better not to be a poet?

*Ishak:*

(*Bitterly.*) Allah did not ask me that question when he made me a poet and a dissector of souls. It is my trade: I do but follow my master, the exalted Designer of human carpets, the Ruler of the world. If he prepared the situation, shall I not observe the characters? Thus I corrupt my soul to create—Allah knoweth what—ten little words like rubies glittering in a row.

Owing to the omission of this scene, in which Hassan and Ishak arrange to watch the lovers through the grating of their cell, it was necessary to bring them into the cell disguised as guards. There is no objection to this change, and the deviation from the printed text in the last act, when the Caliph orders Hassan to see the torture as a definite punishment for his act of spying, and not merely as a cruel whim, seems a definite improvement. I do not know if this is a result of the recension of Flecker's various texts or an invention of Mr. Basil Dean.

Only less harmful than the omission of the scene in the vaults is the telescoping of the first two scenes in Act III into one. In the printed play the first of these is placed in the garden outside Hassan's pavilion, the scene later on of his culminating agony. The Grecian fountain, which has already been mentioned as an important symbol in the drama, is prominent in this scene and should be visible to the audience. The later torture-scene would be greatly strengthened in its effect if we had already seen the fountain and the garden under happier conditions. At His Majesty's the earlier scene is played inside Hassan's pavilion and the fountain can be vaguely seen, if you are near enough to the stage, painted upon the back-cloth. This may seem to be a splitting of hairs, but only by attention to such niceties can supremely good results be obtained. And, as an example of carelessness in other important minutiae, it may be mentioned that, when Pervaneh unveils in the Divan scene, she does so with her back turned to Hassan, so that his exclamation "Oh! Ishak! The fire of the heart of beauty!" sounds ridiculous, since he cannot see her face when he utters it; and in the prison scene Rafi speaks the words, "The sunlight changes on the wall," looking not at the wall but towards the window through which the light comes!

The reduction of the ghost-scene is less damaging to the unity of the play; indeed, this scene is most open to the charge of being irrelevant to the story of Hassan. But it involves the omission of the most beautiful part of the play and the loss of the whole point of the story of Rafi and Pervaneh as Flecker saw it. I cannot imagine anyone who has not read the play making anything of this scene as

it is given in the theatre. One hopes that, when *Hassan* reaches its anniversary, Mr. Dean will celebrate it by giving a performance of the play without cuts.

But even handicapped by these two faults in the production and by some none too intelligent acting, *Hassan* comes off triumphantly and, like Shakespeare, Flecker makes us forget the deficiencies of the players. There is nothing which rises to the height of Othello's cry :

O thou weed!

Who art so lovely fair and smells't so sweet

That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst ne'er been born!

But there are, in the scenes between Rafi and Pervaneh, moments which come near to it, moments when the language transcends literal meanings and becomes charged with those overtones which are the evidences of true poetry, so that we can apprehend it only as we apprehend music. The highest flight is achieved in the final scene between Hassan and Ishak, where the dialogue is purged of all inessentials and the two speak to one another with naked souls. At first every word Ishak utters strikes some note in the other's memory of the horror through which he has passed. "Is life a mirror, wherein events show double?" murmurs Ishak, and Hassan's mind involuntarily supplies him with "Swans that drift into the mist . . .", a clear allusion to the passage already quoted; and to Ishak's adjuration to be brave, he cries out at once, "She was brave. Ah! her hands, her hands!" That is dramatic dialogue carried to the last *finesse*, comparable with those conversations between George and Donna Rita in *The Arrow of Gold*, which are hardly intelligible to the literal-minded reader. There is a greater poetry in Flecker's language, and the effect of this scene is like that statement by the soloist, in the *finale* of Elgar's Violoncello Concerto, of the initial *cadenza*, into which are woven threads taken from the main theme of the movement, so that its pattern becomes complete and the meaning of the music clear. So Flecker makes plain the figure in this rich carpet of *Hassan*, wherein the designs are repeated with variations of shape and colour. One can only regret that the poet did not survive to tighten up the web.

DYNELEY HUSSEY.



## MEDIÆVAL CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

CAROLS should be introduced with a flourish. Hear old Ben Jonson in his Christmas Masque. He says: "Enter Carol, in a long tawny coat, with a red cap and a flute at his girdle, his torch-bearer carrying a songbook open; and Wassail following like a neat sempster; and Songster, her page bearing a bran bowl dressed with ribands and rosemary before her." But that was in 1616, at the court of James, and we must look much further back for our first glimpse of the old roysterer in the tawny coat and red cap with his retinue.

The MSS. date chiefly from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, but many of the actual carols must be of a much earlier date than that. We cannot yet trace any at all in the Anglo-Saxon period, nor have we anything akin to the spirit of the usual carol in the serious world of Anglo-Saxon literature, unless it be its dramatic quality. When, for instance, in the *Battle of Maldon*, one of the later Anglo-Saxon poems, the English leader comes down on to the strand, he is galvanised into life by the touch of the poet, who tells us how he shook his spear at the foe before delivering his haughty message.

The carols are full of parallels to that little dramatic touch. "Joly Wat," one of the shepherds, for instance, ran so fast to Bethlehem "he swet." This sense of the dramatic in the carols is coupled with a lightheartedness that is much more in keeping with the traditions of France than of Anglo-Saxon England.

But, although we cannot trace any authentic Christmas Carol so early, yet we are certain that there were at least festival songs in Anglo-Saxon times associated with the holly and ivy contests, and the carrying in of the boar's head at the feast of Yule. Our earliest carol, an Anglo-Norman one sung in the days of King John, which bids everyone keep open house and supply his neighbour with drink "till he nods his head and sleeps by day," curiously enough, although the whole poem is in old French, ends with the Saxon salutation for drinking healths—"Wæsseyl"—and the return "Drincheyl."

We, therefore, can trace our carols back to customs at least of pre-Norman times. Can we go back any further? We know that at the back of the minstrel songs and the ballads and chansons of the Trouvères of France, there is the folk music and dance, for we can

trace their development and so must ask : Do the carols bear any of the characteristics of the folk-song?

Do we find any traces of the rhythm of folk activities : " Rhythm of labour in the pull of the oar, the swing of the sickle, the rock of the cradle ; or rhythms of play, when, under the stimulus of meal and wine, the idle feet of the chorus grouped round the altar or the sacred tree, break into the uplifting of the dance " ? Yes, we do. Almost all of the early carols have a refrain with a marked rhythm and often with a collection of nonsense syllables as its chief burden. Here are some :—

" Tyrlle, tylrow, tyrlle, tylrow,  
So merrily the shepherds began to blow."

" Tidinges, tidinges that be true,  
Sorowe is paste and joye dothe renue."

" Lully, lulley, lully, lulley,  
The faucon hath borne my make away."

These early choral dances must often have become improvisations of some leader who sang the verse, whilst the rest broke in with some familiar refrain. We are not suggesting that we have any real old folk chants, but we are suggesting that many of the choruses are much older than the verses they accompany and are a link with the primitive folk-songs. Then the word " carol " itself, whatever its true origin, at least is associated with the idea of a choric dance. We find the word in use in France as early as the beginning of the twelfth century, to describe the song dance of spring and love, that was sung at the great Spring Festival.

The word " Festival " brings us to the close association in England of Carols with Christmas—though a carol is not necessarily a Christmas Carol.

Long before there was in England any Christmas celebration at all, there was a Winter Festival—the feast of Yule—and most certainly it was kept with feast and song, with rioting and sacrifice. There are traces of this early festival in some of our modern celebrations of Christmas, in our decorations with holly and ivy and our burning of a Yule log.

The Christian Church found it impossible to crush these old pagan festivals, though we find many attempts at doing so in the decrees of the Church in the fifth and sixth centuries, and so we find that later the Church, instead of forbidding them, attempted to christianise them.

Thus we find two strains in our carols, one reminiscent of the folk and of the early festivals and one of the early Church.

There is, for example, the thirteenth century carol beginning :

" Saint Mary, mother mild,  
Mater salutaris,  
Fairest flower of any field,  
Vere nuncuparis."

Here you have alternate Latin lines, often taken direct from Latin hymns.

As an example of the more primitive strain, take any one of those that celebrate the famous contests between the Holly and the Ivy, always associated with Yule festivals :

" Holly and his merry men they dance and they sing,  
Ivy and her maidens they weepen and they wring."

*Refrain:* " Nay, Ivy, nay it shall not be, iwis  
Let holly have the mastery as the manner is! "

We find the two strains mingling together quaintly in the " Sycamore Tree Carol " :

" I saw three ships a-sailing there,  
a-sailing there, a-sailing there.  
The Virgin Mary and Christ they bare  
A Christmas Day in the morning.  
And now we hope to taste your cheer,  
taste your cheer . . . . "

The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries are the great carol period. Dunstable wrote carols, and both Henry VII and Henry VIII were patrons of music. It would be interesting to trace the influence of Royal Chapels and their choirs on carols; all we can say is that carols were preserved and collected for the use of these choirs, which otherwise we might have lost.

There are other sources of collections of carols, too. Old John Awdlay, blind and deaf, in his abbey in Shropshire, prints, in glad red letters after a tedious poem on the whole duty of man, these words :

" I pray yow, Sirus, boothe moore and laze  
Sing these caroles in Christemas."

and gives us twenty-five delightful carols. That was 1426. Then a tradesman, one Richard Hill of London, collected many carols in his common place book about 1524.

In these collections of carols we have the strange mingling of religious and pagan ideas, and obviously in carols of Yule-tide, of wassailing, of the boar's head and holly and ivy contests it is the religious element that has been added. In all, however, there is a lightheartedness that is delightful. They greet the coming of the Christ as a joyous marvel:

' The shepherds dwelling there about  
When they this news did know  
Came singing all even in a rout,  
Falantidingdido, falantidingdido, falantidingdido."

After the lightheartedness, the next thing that strikes one on reading them for the first time is the naïve familiarity of the poems. The shepherds, the wise men, the Virgin and the Child are all pictured as familiar human figures.

" Put forth thy dall (hand),  
I bring but a ball."

and another: " Have a bob of cherries ";

and one shepherd:

" had on him his tabard and his hat,  
and his name was Joly Joly Wat.  
Ut Huy  
For he was a gude herdes boy."

Angels appear " out of their high tower "—Gabriel " sat on knee and seide ' Ave.' " It is plain when you remember that the carols are " the lyrical counterpart of the miracle plays." The people had seen the angels on their high tower—had seen Herod dressed as a Saracen and heard him swear by Mahomet, had watched the three kings of the East, in all the grandeur that the goldsmiths' guild could give them, ride up the street to their place in the play, and were familiar with Mary, a peasant woman in a blue gown, those jolly shepherds rollicking, Joseph, an old man, and the Baby.

Not only in the plays would the people become familiar with " Joseph with his round cape," and the Mother and the Child, but



also in the many pictures that decorated the churches, and in the art and craft of the goldsmiths and ivory workers.

The whole Christmas story may be seen in the carols thus—the Annunciation :

" Ecce ancilla domini!  
Seid tho Virgin withouten vice."  
" Bot when sche sawe an angell bright  
Sche was aferde in all her thought,  
And of his speche elles wondur sche might  
Then seide tho angell, ' drede thee noght.' "  
*Fifteenth Century.*

the birth :

" A Babe was born, early by the morn,  
And laid between the ox and the ass."

the wise men :

" Three kinges of Great noblay  
When that Child was born  
To Him they tok the redy way  
And kneled Him befor,  
with ay."

But all is summed up in the famous " Cherry Tree Carol," beginning,

" Joseph was an old man."

It is interesting to see how the minstrels treat Mary. For their point of view we must look again at the rest of English lyrical literature. We possess some of the oldest post-classical literature in West Europe in our Anglo-Saxon, but that is a world of battle, a world often of sorrow. We remember the speech of the Alderman in the Council, on life, when he says it is like a sparrow flying from the storm, entering the lighted hall at one window and flying through the warmth to escape only into the storm again, and, however hackneyed the story, we always thrill at Bede's : " Such, O King, is the life of Man, whence he came and whither he goeth, we know not." In this literature there is no love poetry at all, and then at the Conquest, English as a language went under for two centuries, " and England," Chambers says, " became for literary purposes a province of France."

There are stray poems in English in the thirteenth century, and

then in the fourteenth comes a sudden group of love poems—partly French, partly Latin and partly English—written down somewhere in the West Country. These love songs are art-songs, perfect in form, many of them far removed from the folk. It is the minstrel who sings, and you get the nightingale and the spring and greenwood and all the songs that France had rung with for a century. You find this French influence very marked in the love lyrics of the next few centuries, and, through these, it influences the carols. For the Virgin is addressed not only as Maiden and Mother, and as "Quene of Evene, the Sterre on the See, Floure of Paradise," but as "My deyes Blis, my nightes reste," and "Mi leove suete Ladye, feirest floure of any field." Not only the actual words used to the Virgin, but all the apparatus of the greenwood, the birds, and the blossoms, is incorporated in the carols.

One interesting group that we have omitted so far is the lullabies. We have only one non-Christian lullaby, and it seems to be of the very spirit of Bede's sparrow:

"Lollai, lollai, litil child!  
Why weepist thou so sore?  
Need is most thou wepe,  
That was iyashid (ordained) the yore  
Ever to live in sorrow."

On the other hand the lullabies of Mary, from the beautiful Coventry carol, are tender and human:

"'Ah, my dear Son,' said Mary, 'Ah, my dear,  
Kiss Thy mother, Jesu, with a laughing cheer.'"  
"Lullay, my child, and weep no more,  
Sleep and be now still;  
The King of bliss thy Father is;  
As it was His will.'"

Most of the carols so far have been narrative, pictorial and simple. They bear divers marks of bad handling; probably they have been sung so often that the present versions are degraded in form—they have suffered for their popularity. There are, however, a few perfect in form that will stand by any of the great lyrics.

Perhaps the most beautiful is the one beginning:

"I sing of a maiden,  
That is makeless."

with its beautiful recurring :

" He came also stille

As dew in Aprille  
That falleth on the grass."

It has four lines of introduction and four lines of conclusion binding together the ten lines of melody, varying the note of "Dew in Aprille that falleth on the grass," "on the flour" and "on the spray." But on the whole perfection of form is not a characteristic of the carols. It is for their tender humanity expressed in child-like, not childish, phrases, that one turns to the religious carols, and for robustness of phrase and all the merry bustle of Christmas that one turns to the secular carols, to their wassailing, their "Good Ale" and their welcome to all who bring "Good Cheer":

" Lett no man cum unto this hall,  
Groom, page, nor yet marshal,  
But that some sport he bring with all:  
For now is the time of Christemas."

JUDITH ASHLEY.

## COMPETITIVE FESTIVALS

COMPETITIVE festivals have assumed an importance which must surprise no less than delight even those who from the first professed their faith in the movement. As the booklet issued by the British Federation of Musical Festivals shows, almost every day competitions are held in some centre or other. Great industrial cities and villages alike have fallen under the spell. There is no large tract of country in England, Scotland or Ireland without zealous workers in the cause of musical competition. Festivals attract amateurs in thousands and a single class may appeal to over one hundred candidates. The time is past when sceptics could still cast a doubt on the final success of the enterprise. Competitive festivals are now perhaps the most important force in our musical life and nothing short of gross error can endanger their further development. Let us say at once that we have seen no danger signals and that we do not propose to save the movement from impending ruin.

It is impossible to attend any one of these great meetings without feeling its strength and vitality. In the large centres the response of the people surpasses the most sanguine expectations; in small centres earnestness and genuine enthusiasm more than make up for modest numbers. The obvious objects of the movement—the encouragement of good music and the cultivation of taste—have in great part been attained. It is when we come to consider further inevitable developments that the need for enquiry becomes apparent. For it is clear that some final, practical goal must exist. To encourage music, to improve the general standard of taste is well, but, one naturally asks, what shall we do when this first object has been achieved? So far there has been little opportunity to discuss the problem. A festival has been thought successful when it discovered a singularly gifted singer or when the competing choirs avoided triumphantly some specially cunning trap an obliging composer had prepared for them. It is right to encourage young talent and a stiff test for choirs must make for efficiency. But there are drawbacks. In the first place the discovery of real talent can only be an incident. We cannot suppose that the great machinery of the festival is set in motion in order to give young singers or players of professional ability their opportunity. A highly talented musician must come to the fore



sooner or later in any case; his victory over amateurs can at best be of slight significance. A festival test cannot in the nature of things be considered adequate for one whose abilities and talent entitle him to professional rank. It is useless to establish competition to improve the professional standard—that is the privilege of musical colleges and academies. The main concern of the festival is not the professional but the amateur. If we take care of the amateurs to-day, the professionals of to-morrow must take care of themselves; for, given a high standard amongst amateurs, it follows that they will never tolerate a low standard amongst professionals. Moreover the discovery of musical talent based on a single test is not unattended by grave responsibilities. There has been the case of a singer who won such high distinction in competition with a performance of "*Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix*" or some such song, that she adopted music as a profession and has sung nothing else for the last twenty years to the astonishment rather than the delight of various audiences.

We have heard it said that adjudicators must above all things be kind. That is surely the wrong way to put it. Kindness is essential to the perfect adjudicator as to all who have to judge the efforts of people less able and less experienced than themselves. But his first duty is to be truthful as, indeed, all the best known adjudicators invariably are. The "dud candidate," who merely wastes the time of the officials, must be told if his case is hopeless. The singer whose voice is being ruined by irresponsible tuition must be warned of his danger. Blame can only deter from entering those whose participation is neither creditable to their own judgment nor desired by others. It is achievement, not numbers, that make for success. A three days' festival may be of greater value than one of three weeks if the average standard is higher. The competitive festival is a most democratic institution, for it brings together on an equal footing all lovers of music. But, like other democracies, it shows from time to time an unreasonable inclination to worship blindly its heroes and heroines. A commonwealth of music lovers is a splendid thing, but we must rigidly exclude from it the sham patriot who makes music a cloak for less amiable and not wholly unselfish ambitions. Festival classes bring together all kinds of musicians—some to be put on the right path by a few words of advice, others requiring long and careful nursing; some who, in spite of modest natural gifts, possess a veritable talent for penetrating to the heart of a song, and some who possess the means and not the power to use them to utmost advantage; a few bringing to the task means and intelligence, and others possessing neither. The adjudicator's criticism, his praise and his blame, must

be tempered to meet each case. To be always kind is to be always shirking responsibilities and evading a clear duty.

Because the technical standard stands high, we must not lose sight of other requirements. Without technical skill a good performance is impossible. Yet it is equally certain that mere technical skill cannot result in a first-class performance. Let us frankly admit that the worship of technique is not by any means confined to choirs or to competitive festivals. The labours of recent grammarians of genius has placed within reach of every player the technical skill which once was the privilege of the good artist. Any frequenter of London concerts knows that there are hundreds of violinists and pianists at a loss to know what they should do with their dexterous hands and sluggish imagination, who blame the public for want of appreciation, themselves unable to grasp the enormous difference between their own performances and those of a great musician. Technique is indispensable for, indeed, our orchestras are only able to play modern music because the technical equipment of average orchestral players nowadays is far more profound and solid than that of the players of the preceding generation. But it is possible to rely too much on technique. Two exceedingly well-known violinists who have visited us in recent years, both brilliant technicians, were unable to phrase correctly the simple melodies of Beethoven's *Romanza* in G. Their tone was impeccable, their intonation flawless, their phrasing abominable. Such people should be looked upon as monstrosities, for although both these violinists could perform feats possible at most to three or four others, in respect of phrasing they were open to correction by any boy of ten with an ear for the logical sequence of melody. They suggested expert mathematicians held up in a complex calculation because they had forgotten how to add.

There are pitfalls in the uncompromising worship of technical efficiency and often on hearing choirs perform some great feat we have wondered how the same choirs would acquit themselves in a test of a perfectly simple nature—a folk-song or a hymn tune. For some years now composers have been at work writing tests of ever increasing difficulty to spur the choirs to greater efforts. Some test pieces we have recently heard convinced us that the limit has been reached, beyond which it is not worth while going. It will be said, perhaps, that there is no real limit, that what to-day appears impossible will be possible to-morrow, that the so-called "vocal" style of writing—once *de rigueur* in writing for brass instruments as well as for singers—is sheer laziness, that the ear should be familiarised by practice with all intervals and modulations. The answer to this argument is not far to seek. In the first place, choristers are

not men who devote their whole time to the study of music and consequently what may be true enough in the case of professional musicians need not apply to the members of a choir. In the second place, acrobatics, whether of finger, of throat or of ear, are to be deprecated. Technical difficulties are mastered not for the pleasure to be derived from the exercise, but in order to convey adequately a message which would have lost something of its force and point in any simpler form. No normally minded person would think of climbing a difficult mountain if the prospects from its summit were the same as in the valley. Moreover, a composition which the ear can master with great difficulty implies a choral performance of such nicety and fine adjustment that it becomes liable to be upset by any trifling incident, such as a moment's relaxation of tense effort or a slight noise in the audience. Such a performance is hardly worth the tremendous labours its preparation entails. It is not a "practical proposition."

To avoid these dangers there is one way—to make the festival a rehearsal and a preparation for the performance of a great work, or part of a great work. Dr. Vaughan Williams, we believe, has often made such a performance the goal of the festivals with which he has been connected. And a first step in this direction was made last October at Blackpool, where all the test pieces for operatic solo and ensemble classes were chosen from *Fidelio*. If the plan works well for soloists, there is no reason why it should not work as well for choirs and orchestras. Such a plan need not interfere in any way with the work of competition. It would merely crown it and fulfil a desire shared by the great majority of spectators. Dr. Richter was once asked to accompany with his orchestra the second-rate aria chosen by a famous singer. Not knowing the work, he complied, but as soon as the last bar was reached he turned to the singer and said: Have you not in your repertory something worthy of this orchestra? That is a feeling sometimes shared by those who listen to the competitions of first-class choirs. At present the festival public has a weakness for massed performances. We interpret this as a desire to hear all the choirs combine into one great effort. Otherwise the massed performance has not much to commend it, for it takes place practically in the same conditions as those in which the competitions are held. But the wish to do something with the means at hand, to put a seal on the competitions with an act worthy of the occasion, is genuine and common to all audiences. This is exactly what a concerted performance of an act of *Fidelio* or of a part of any other accepted masterpiece would give us.

F. BONAVIA.

## CREATIVE GENIUS AND APPRECIATION

THE problem presented by the co-existence of creative genius and an unheeding world is a theme that periodically arouses exclamation or discussion. Some measure of appreciation must reasonably be expected and desired by all creative artists, be they painters, poets, or musicians. How far, and in what manner should this desire affect their methods and ideals? It is not supposed that this essay can do more than place the problem in a clear light whence may proceed individual solution. It is certainly better that there be several solutions than that creative genius be tied to this or that theory.

For many the crux of the whole matter lies in the necessity for fulfilling economic conditions. The principle ruling the world's market is that demand creates and determines supply. If a want is felt in any department of life, he who will best—and in the majority of cases most cheaply—satisfy that want will sell his goods. Further than this, all kinds of artificial wants are induced and fostered by the suggestions and seductions of advertisement. There certainly seems a measure, at all events, of sound sense in this arrangement!

“Do not be such a poor fool as to expect the public to buy something it does not want. But if you think it can be induced to want your commodity, then use the wiles of the serpent and advertise for all you are worth! Ten chances to one the public will rise to the bait!”

And here we come at once to the kernel of the artist's difficulty. His output is, in the first place, not aroused by demand from the outside world, but on the contrary from a call within himself. He is not asked to produce: it is his pleasure to do so, an irresistible call to report his vision. Should his work, as is so often the case, meet with misunderstanding, neglect, or dislike, the inexorable logic of the outside world, though plausible, is by no means consoling. “Do not complain of neglect, but go and produce something the world wants.”

Often he discovers that what the world wants, or might be induced to want, is in no way in harmony with his own creative desire. What then shall he do? If he is so fortunate as to be independent of his art in the matter of the necessities of civic life, he will most probably “follow the gleam” and wait for recognition. For be it remembered by all who would theorise on this matter, an uprising



of creative force in one individual, unique, unrelated to, and incapable of response from others, is unthinkable and, one believes, impossible! The number of those capable of giving immediate sympathetic response may be few, but according to any reasonable law of life will necessarily increase.

If, however, he be either poor or vain-glorious, he may seek to "please the public" at the price of the integrity of his vision: he may "write down" to their level, paint "pot-boilers," put together catchy "tunes," write sentimental ballads. We say he may do these things, but there are a variety of issues. He may try and do them, and yet fail: discovering that the secret of the popular idiom does not dwell with him. He may succeed, and elated with such success deliberately turn his back on formerly cherished ideals. He may succeed and, wishing to return to these, find that he has lost the power to produce better work—that more truly his own. All these are well-known issues, and are not here put forward in any way to defend priggishness and superiority. There are painters, dramatists, novelists, musical composers, and even some poets who effectively meet a large popular demand and hold the market. And so far as their work is sincere and the product of a real love and enthusiasm it is always, on its own plane, good. All kinds of tastes and appetites demand each their appropriate satisfaction. There is, however, danger in attempting to fill a *role* for which there is no vocation. Moreover, there is a wholesome popularity, and one false and corrupt. Depleted power and inspiration is often incurred through a necessity or desire to meet even the first of these: always in attempting to meet the second.

Yet the problem has a higher aspect. There may be neither pressure of economic conditions nor lust for wealth or fame. There may be just the desire to express a message, felt as beautiful and important, in terms to be understood by a reasonably wide public. This is quite a different matter from a thirst for applause, or anxiety for immediate financial profit. This is a true problem of aesthetics. And here, again, a solitary solution would neither be desirable nor convincing. All depends at last upon the intuitive conviction of the individual artist. His message may truly seem remote from ordinary apprehension, and a genuine difficulty be encountered in seeking to translate or adapt it to relatively more familiar forms and idioms. It is not likely that this difficulty will be insuperable; and he will wisely reflect that if too great a distance be imposed between speaker and audience the latter will hear nothing.

These reflections were called forth by the reading of Jeffrey Mark's

brilliant and suggestive article, "The Problem of Audiences," in the October issue of MUSIC AND LETTERS. The lines wherein he commends the adoption of "the dull level of the average intelligence" as a good and proper basis for artistic effort are peculiarly arresting. Without drastic qualification it is not likely that creative genius will ever accept such a counsel. It is pressing the law of the market beyond its legitimate sphere. There is an immediate advantage in Use, a postponed advantage in Beauty. The world will grow to a Beauty whilst outliving many Uses! Immediate and wide recognition never has been and never can be a true criterion of value. There may be a spurious preciousness born of the shallow ideals of the *poseur*; but there is also the true preciousness of rarity—as of fine gold or rubies.

It is against the desecration of *this* that artists are intuitively warned of the dangers of a too facile compromise with popular ideals in conflict with their own. The kingdom of use is controlled from without, by demand and necessity; but the kingdom of beauty is, or should be, controlled from within. For its interpreters are not the many, but the few whose message comes at length to be as leaven to the whole. The form of the message and the method of its deliverance will, then, be best decided by each artist for himself. Sincerity of expression will at last be found the best guarantee for lasting appreciation. To some the adoption of forms and methods, widely familiar and immediately understood, will come more naturally than to others. This is their destined call and they will respond. Others must wait, often for years, until appreciation of their *own* method grows and expands. It is often found, on both sides, to be quite worth while.

FREDERICK NICHOLS.

## THE CINDERELLA OF FLEET STREET

It is a commonplace among the well-informed and not unsuspected, perhaps, among the public at large that the present time is witnessing a real crisis in musical journalism. Recent amalgamations of newspapers and the imperative necessity of economy in administration have combined to provide for the musical journalist a lot compared with which that of Gilbert's policeman is not only a happy but a remunerative one. To quote the words of a distinguished authority to the present writer the other day: "The bottom has fallen out of the whole business."

For my part, I cannot say that I am surprised. Present troubles have accentuated and, perhaps, advertised the woes of the musical critic, but the tendency to dispense with his services has been evident for a long time. Ever since I have known journalism musical criticism has been the Cinderella of Fleet Street. Of all the "specialists" on a newspaper staff the musical critic is probably the worst paid and the least thought of; even his dramatic colleague scores over him at every point. Most editors and nearly all proprietors appear to think that music as a subject is a dubiously necessary evil, of no value as news and of precious little value as anything else. Ruthless sub-editors seem to hack musical copy to pieces with particular relish, and the powers that be, viewing only the truncated result, are confirmed in their belief that the music paragraph on the concert notice or whatever it is cannot be of any conceivable interest to anybody. In which, under present conditions, they are, I think, indubitably correct.

At the risk of appearing egotistical, may I explain here, once and for all, that I am not thinking of my own experiences as the music critic of *The Daily Express*. On the contrary, the musical policy of that paper during the last year seems to me to have been the only intelligent policy possible for a popular paper that wished to "cover" music at all. Twice a week we had concert notes that dealt with the great majority of routine concerts and when a concert of exceptional musical or social interest took place it was dealt with in the "news." This idea, developed or modified, with the addition, perhaps, of a regular article treating of some musical subject of general interest, at least provided a genuine attempt at a solution of the problem—for

it is a problem—of how music can be treated in an ordinary daily paper. It does away with most of that indiscriminate "cutting" which so often reduces musical criticism to a farce; it recognises the fact, as to which I am in entire agreement with conventional Fleet Street opinion, that the "news" value of nine out of ten musical events is practically non-existent; it enables the readers who happen to be interested in music to know when and approximately where they can expect to read about it. For, all things said and done, the only feature of permanent interest in musical criticisms is the personality of the critic. The accuracy or inaccuracy of his views matter little, provided that he stimulates the imagination of his readers and encourages them to go and hear music for themselves. In short, musical criticism is a valuable feature in a paper only in so far as the paper values expression of opinion; as "news," as mere reporting, it has a value less than that of almost any other speciality except, perhaps, art criticism. So if and when those who control our newspapers regard themselves simply as purveyors of news, they are, I think, perfectly right in showing musical criticism the door—after all, they are likely, *prima facie*, to know their own business best.

Doubtless these remarks do not apply to musical criticism in the three twopenny dailies, though even here I think that some extension of the above-mentioned idea might be practised with advantage; nor yet to the two leading Sunday papers, where conditions are entirely different. Doubtless these five organs of light and leading will remain as the last strongholds of musical criticism in the London Press when the rest of us have been driven from the battle. Possibly we may live to see General Ernest Newman or General Robin Legge leading a last charge of the heavy brigade over a field strewn with the corpses of their erstwhile colleagues. Possibly they may even yet retrieve definitely the fortunes of a day apparently lost. But I do not think that anything can save musical criticism in the bulk of the London newspapers; sooner or later it will disappear, if for no other reason, because it is forced to attempt an impossible task in an impossible manner.

A great deal of nonsense is talked by musicians and composers about critics; it is the fashion among a certain set to dismiss them all as little Beckmessers or great ignoramuses. Nothing could be more unfair. The vast majority of the critics of the London Press are well-educated musicians animated by a real desire to do their best for music. Some, of course, have more knowledge and experience than others, but all reach a standard of competence far greater than either public or Press has any right to expect. After all, why must it be taken for granted that the music critic, who often earns less



money than the compositor who sets up his copy, should always be up to par? If the labourer is worthy only of his hire, the music critic must be worth precious little. Moreover, he works under most unpleasant conditions, being forced to turn out just when most of his friends are sitting down to dinner in their homes, and sometimes, on a wet night perhaps, to trudge from one concert-hall to another till eventually he finds his way down to Fleet Street by 'bus or tube. He is despised and rejected of musicians and journalists alike; his pleasure in music has probably been killed years ago by a surfeit of concert-going; even his miserable expenses—the last straw!—are inadequately allowed for by the Inland Revenue Authorities. The remarkable thing about English musical criticism seems to me to be that it is as competent and above all as honest as it is. Indeed, it is so honest that bribery is not even attempted—which is more than can be said of criticism in most other countries.

The inadequate remuneration of musical journalism, and perhaps the unsatisfactory position held by music in the Press generally, may be traced in the last resort to the small value of musical as compared with other advertisements. This is a delicate subject, which clearly cannot be discussed in detail, but it may be accepted as a general principle that newspapers—which are not, after all, philanthropic institutions—inevitably attach more importance to features that carry "good advertising" than to those that do not. Music, notoriously, except perhaps in the case of one paper, leaves a great deal to be desired in this respect; hence the scanty pay of the musical critic. But even were the critic paid at the most generous possible rate, his would still be an impossible task.

To begin with, there does not exist in the world any man really competent to do what the average critic is expected to do every week of his life. Views on the proper function of musical criticism in general may differ, but everybody is agreed that in judging performers and performances in particular a considerable amount of technical knowledge is essential. For instance, it is impossible to give a really helpful criticism of singing unless one knows at least as much about production as the average well-trained singer, or about piano- and violin-playing as the average pianist or fiddler. Then choral societies, quartets, orchestras, compositions new and old pass before the critic for judgment, each demanding a more or less specialised knowledge on his part. Why, the man, to perform his duties properly, would need to be a very Pantechicon of techniques, an Encyclopedia of experiences! He could not be found for £100 a week . . . and the British public expect to get him (if he is lucky) for £10 to £15!

The fact of the matter, of course, is that the criticism of music in

the daily Press is not really criticism at all, but reporting, and, as we have already seen, it usually consists of reporting what is, from the newspaper's point of view, not really worthy of being reported. In my view, it would be much better if this were frankly recognised, and Press representatives were not expected to report any but the most important concerts, or to express any but the absolutely irreducible minimum of private opinion in these reports. Such a plan would have many advantages. It would reduce the number of superfluous and worthless concerts, with which London is now infested, by depriving them of the newspaper publicity that is their end-all and be-all; it would enable the musical journalist, by sharply defining the frontier between criticism and reporting, to produce his criticism after proper deliberation and selection, relieving him at the same time of the obligation to listen as he does at present to that ceaseless flow of music, indifferent, bad, sometimes even good, which inevitably ends by taking the edge off his keenness and paralysing his receptivity.

But, someone may say: "What you write about musical criticism in the daily Press is true enough. There remains, however, musical criticism in the weeklies; is not this satisfactory?" My view, for what it may be worth, is that it is quite satisfactory—from the æsthetic and intellectual point of view. The musical articles that appear in the serious weekly reviews are nearly always worth reading and the conditions under which they are written are precisely those which are propitious to good criticism. But from the financial point of view . . . well, I doubt if the combined yearly revenue derived from these sources by myself and my four or five eminent colleagues would do more than satisfy the legitimate needs of two respectable plumbers!

It cannot possibly be otherwise in view of the economic conditions under which most of the weekly reviews themselves exist. Moreover, the work is congenial and, as I think, worth doing for its own sake. Nevertheless I have ventured, somewhat crudely perhaps, to consider the financial aspect of the matter because it is of great importance from the musical point of view. Everybody knows that the career of a serious composer in this country is impossible without private means or other subsidiary activities. This is rapidly becoming true also of musical criticism; the time is approaching when the mere fact that a man writes seriously about music will be taken as evidence either of a personal fortune or considerable versatility. Doubtless some such will always be found, but I fear, in any event, that the influence of weekly criticism of this kind on our modern musical life is small. It reaches only the few, the ten to forty thousand people who are already interested in intellectual and æsthetic matters. Indeed, this is clearly

demonstrated by the reluctance shown by promoters of many highly successful concerts to send tickets to representatives of weekly papers; from their point of view these do not count.

A case can, I know, be made out for the exclusive cultivation of the intelligent minority in all artistic matters, for the paramount importance of what Mr. Arnold Bennett has called "the passionate few"; these often can and do succeed ultimately in imposing their opinions on the majority, the docile, placid many. Nevertheless, the process is probably more difficult in music than in literature or the other arts; at any rate there is little evidence of its efficacy in contemporary English musical life. For instance, "the passionate few" have worked incessantly to popularise what the Press persists in calling "ultra-modern" music, yet most observers are agreed that there has taken place in the last two years a very marked reaction in favour of orthodox classical and romantic music. As a matter of fact, I do not think that, for the present at any rate, the few, however passionate, have a chance. An enormous new public is coming into music, welling up from the cinemas and the tea-shops, from whose often excellent orchestras they have imbibed, if not dislikes, at least some very definite likes. Being entirely instinctive and, to tell the truth, wholly uneducated, they are quite unsusceptible to propaganda; they merely come to concerts to hear "that exciting bit by Wagner which we heard during the battle scene the other day at the pictures," or "that lovely piece by Tchaikowsky which the band played while Jane and I were having tea at the Corner House." Probably they would not even know the names of the composers but for a casual gramophone record. These are the people who are beginning to go to concerts and, willy-nilly, they are the people to be reckoned with. Everybody is agreed that the musical, even the concert public (quite a different matter) is larger to-day than it has ever been, yet by a curious irony of fate, just when the public interest in music is growing, the popular Press seems less and less inclined to deal with music at all. Of course, it does not necessarily follow that because people want to hear music they wish to read about it. Their literary interest in music may be confined to gossip about Kreisler, Melba and other celebrities. Nevertheless, *prima facie* there seems a probability that if anyone is really fond of music he will like to learn something about music as well as about musicians. Fleet Street judgment is always suspect to me in this respect, because I have noticed that Fleet Street is itself almost always more interested in the theatre than in music, and therefore find it difficult to believe that this is not true of the country as a whole. Yet, in fact, the musical public is probably not only as large as, but larger than the theatrical public, and the disparity, I think, is likely to increase rather than diminish.

However that may be, I agree with the conventional journalistic view that musical criticism, as it exists to-day, does not find such a response as theatrical criticism. Perhaps we all do it in the wrong way; perhaps—horrible thought!—the public is not interested in us! At any rate, it seems fairly clear that there is something amiss; the market is there, the goods are there and we cannot deliver the goods to the market. On the whole, perhaps, like Wotan, most of us will be glad to disappear into the *Ewigkeit*. Others more defiant will take leave of the sovereign public with the old salute of gladiators about to die. That, however, during the next decade, the majority of us, resigned or defiant, will in fact pass away seems to me almost certain. I do not think it will be a good thing for music, if only because the less frequent mention of music in the Press must be bad for every musician from the point of view of publicity. Even supposing that the criticism of music in the popular Press is not always efficient, at least the names of composers and artists of merit are kept before the public. If and when the legitimate critic is removed, the only people to receive attention in the Press will be acknowledged "stars" and others fortunate or clever enough to capture the support of the advertisement department. There will, in short, be a higher premium on established reputations and the possession of influential friends—which must inevitably work to the detriment of serious and new music. However, music will survive; the cottage piano, the playing of duets, the private indulgence in chambering and other musical wantonness will weather this as many other a storm. These, after all, remain the backbone of our best musical life and are practically unaffected by the gossip and chatter of the world outside. It is professional, public music-making that will perhaps come to regret the demise of the Cinderella of Fleet Street. She may be a bit of a slut, a drab, ineffective kind of wench, but she does her best. Her decease—which, in fact, will doubtless be followed sooner or later by some more glorious or at least more satisfactory re-incarnation—may eventually cause twinges of remorse in hearts now ostentatiously callous. Perhaps she may yet find a number of sincere mourners to follow her modest bier; perhaps she may finally move some musical Horace to write of her: *Multis illa bonis flebilis occidit*. But that is the best that I can hope for her.

FRANCIS TOYE.



## THE BEGINNINGS OF THE CHAPEL ROYAL

### AN UNWRITTEN PAGE OF ENGLISH MUSICAL HISTORY.

THE English Chapel Royal as a musical institution can lay claim to a very early origin, yet the story of its beginnings and development has never been adequately attempted. Some writers absurdly date it as from the fifteenth century. Mr. Orsmond Anderton, in his *Early English Music* (1920), informs his readers that "the earliest records of the Chapel Royal date only from the reign of Edward IV. (1461-1483)." More recently, Mr. Henry Davey, in his excellent *History of English Music* (new edition, 1921), writes:—"We may date the rise of English music about 1400-20, and suppose that a Chapel Royal was first set up by Henry IV. or V. No records remain, though there are some allusions which prove that Henry V. had one. . . . It is not till Edward IV.'s reign that anything definite of the Chapel Royal is known."

It is well known that a Chapel Royal at Windsor existed in a primitive form under Henry I., and was confirmed by Letters Patent of Edward III. (October 26, 1351), being also richly indulged by Pope Innocent VI. in January, 1354 (*Cal. Pap. Letters*). But the Chapel Royal, or the "King's Chapel of the Household," goes much further back. From various sources we find references to the King's Chapel, or the Chapel Royal, as early as the twelfth century; and as an institution attached to the King's Household it developed during the two succeeding centuries.

The English Chapel Royal, composed of singing men and boys, is first referred to in 1185, in the *Red Book of the Exchequer*, edited, in the Rolls Series, by Hubert Hall (1896), and it is certain that King John, at Christmas of the year 1200, had a grand choral celebration, as there is a record of payment of 25 shillings to the clerks who sang "Christus Vincit" on that occasion. Five years later, King John showed his appreciation of one of his Chapel clerks, Baldwin of London, by bestowing on him a valuable chaplaincy, while in 1226 William de Blemes, a Chapel clerk, was sent to Oxford "to study in the schools."

Under King Henry III., in the years 1227-1240, there are numerous references to the Chapel Royal in the Liberate Rolls, to be found in the printed *Calendar* (1917). Thus, for instance, the choristers of the King's Chapel who sang "Christus Vincit" at York during

the Christmas festival of 1226 received a handsome payment, as did also the "Boy Bishop." From the same valuable source we learn that Robert of Canterbury (who was a married man) had charge of the choristers in 1231, and accompanied the King's Chapel to Worcester. In 1233 Walter de Lenches was Master, and received a *douceur* of 25 shillings for the behoof of "the clerks of the King's Chapel who sang 'Christus Vincit' before the King." In 1240 the sum of £4 13s. 4d. was spent on "copes and other adornments for the King's own chapel," the choir copes being described as "of white samite with gold." An extra payment of 16 shillings was given to Walter de Lenches to buy a choir cope for himself (*Calendar of Liberate Rolls*).

Passing on to the close of the thirteenth century, we learn from the Household Ordinances of Westminster, dated November 13, 1279, summarised admirably by Professor T. F. Tout in his *Chapters in the Administrative History of Mediæval England* (Manchester, 1920), that the clerks of the King's Chapel at that date included the following: Sir John the Chaplain, Sir Nicholas the Chaplain, Master Nicholas of Arras, Sir Richard of Salisbury, and Robert, who were paid 4d. to 7d. a day each, and provided with robes.

Entrance into the Chapel Royal was almost invariably a passport for preferment, and the boy choristers, as soon as their voices "broke," were sent to be educated at Oxford or Cambridge. Thus, in 1303, we read that Richard of Nottingham and Thomas Duns, "choir boys in the Chapel Royal," were sent to Oxford; while, in 1307, Roger of Sheffield, King's Clerk, was granted the free chapel in the Castle of Nottingham (*Cal. Pat. Rolls*). Further references to the Chapel Royal will be found in the Household Ordinances of December 6, 1318, at York, accessible in Professor Tout's book previously quoted from. And it must not be forgotten that the Gentlemen and boys of the King's Chapel also contributed to the enjoyment of the Sovereign by playing Interludes on stated occasions.

Edward III. was a patron of music, and it is not generally known that under his *ægis* the Guild of Minstrels, or the Musicians' Company of the City of London, was founded on June 24, 1350—"the said Fraternity or Company to be inscribed on the Register Rolls of the Carmelite Friars (White Friars) of the said City." The ordinances, written in French, on a large sheet of vellum (preserved in the Public Record Office), were confirmed in 1388-9.

From the last decade of the fourteenth century we have numerous references to the Chapel Royal, beginning with 1394, at which date

John Boore was "Dean of the Chapel of Richard II." An entry on the Patent Rolls supplies the information that on October 20, 1399, John Pykeworth "stole a gradual worth 6s. 8d. from the Chapel Royal." The then Dean was Richard Kyngston, who had replaced John Boore in 1397, and who held office till 1402. This Dean acknowledged having received into his custody "divers jewels, vestments, and other ornaments and goods belonging to the King's Chapel," and that he had duly delivered them to Richard Prentys, who was appointed Dean in January, 1403. Kyngston had held the offices of Dean of the Chapel Royal, Dean of Windsor, and Archdeacon of Hereford; and it is worthy of note that his successor, Richard Prentys, was Canon of Windsor, Archdeacon of Essex, Prebendary of Salisbury, Prebendary of Lincoln, and Canon of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin. During his Deanship one of the boys of the Chapel, John Tilbury, was given the Wardenship of the Hospital of Ilford, in the diocese of London, on November 12, 1405 (*Cal. Pat. Rolls*).

When Henry V. came to the throne in 1418 he appointed Edmund Lacy as Dean of the Chapel Royal, and he took special measures for the efficiency of the choral services. One of the clerks, John Hunt, was, on November 23, 1414, given a valuable grant of land in Oxford, while four others, John Prentys, Stephen Paynton, John Cook and Thomas Gyles, were presented to substantial ecclesiastical benefices.

It is certain that picked singers from the Chapel Royal, with Robert Gilbert as leader, celebrated the victory of Agincourt (October 25, 1415). We read that after the battle Henry V. ordered his Chapel to sing the Psalm "In exitu Israel," and, as Holinshed writes, "commanded every man to kneel down on the ground at the Jverse: 'Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam' ('Not to us, O Lord, not to us, but to Thy name, give glory'), which done, he caused *Te Deum*, with certain Anthems, to be sung."

Early in 1417 Edmund Lacy was promoted to be Bishop of Hereford and was replaced as Dean of the Chapel Royal by Robert Gilbert, who had been Master of the Choir at Agincourt. It is agreed by musical experts that the famous Agincourt Song, though a three-part chorus, is a *Faux Bourdon* disguised with passing notes, and dates from a little after the famous victory, certainly not later than 1417.

Under date of December 4, 1417, there is an entry on the Patent Rolls commissioning John Colles, clerk, Serjeant of the Vestry of the Chapel Royal, and John Water, King's Clerk, "to take carriage

for the ornaments, jewels, books, vessels, and other gear of the Chapel to the town of Southampton." This commission was with a view of having the whole Chapel Royal singers go over to France in order to add to the splendour of the ceremonial on Easter Sunday, 1418. When Rouen surrendered on January 19, 1419, the English monarch entered the city in triumph and at once proceeded to the Cathedral, where his Chapel Royal, with the Dean, Robert Gilbert, at their head, had been waiting his arrival—John Pyamour being Master of the Choristers. John Page, a contemporary, thus describes the scene:—

" So to the Minster did he fare,  
And off his horse he lighted there;  
His Chapel met him at the door  
And went before him on the floor  
And sang a Respond glorious  
That is named, *Quis est magnus?*"

So anxious was Henry V. to have a fully-equipped musical organisation in his Chapel that, on January 14, 1420, he commissioned John Pyamour, "one of the clerks of the Chapel of the Household," to "impress boys for the said chapel and bring them to the King's presence in the duchy of Normandy"—the commission being signed by the King himself. All our musical historians are agreed that the custom of impressing choristers originated with King Richard III., who issued a commission for that purpose on September 16, 1484, but the above authorisation from Henry V. proves beyond doubt that 64 years previously the custom had been started.

No doubt the newly organised Chapel Royal singers assisted at the marriage of Henry V. to Princess Katherine of Valois, at Troyes Cathedral on Trinity Sunday (June 2), 1420. The King's musical tastes may be gauged from the fact that he not only performed passing well on the organ and virginals and harp, but was also a composer. In October, 1420, he sent over to England for a harp for Queen Katherine, and there is an entry in the Exchequer Rolls of £8 13s. 4d., amount paid to John Bore, of London, harpmaker, "for two new harps, together with several dozen harp-strings and a harp-case." No further mention is made of John Pyamour, but he is to be identified with "Piamor," one of the composers in the Modena MS.

Some of the names of the singers in the King's Chapel between the years 1416 and 1422 have been recorded in the Patent Rolls, namely, John Cowper, John Cook, Thomas Woodford, Gerard Hessell, Robert



Webley, John Gervays, John Snell, Robert Lywer, John Draper, William Dyolet, and John Seward.

Henry V. died at the Castle of Vincennes, near Paris, on August 31, 1422, and by the terms of his will allocated a sum of £200 to be divided among the clerks and singers of the Chapel Royal. His Queen, Katherine of Valois, also kept her own Chapel, and, in the autumn of 1422, as we learn from Collier (Vol. I., p. 20), William Egleston, Thomas Pykbone, William Hering, John Lawrence, William Newman and Thomas Hanton, *boys of the Queen's Chapel*, received 40 shillings for half a year's wages, and 10 shillings by way of reward. The Dowager Queen kept up her Chapel as late as 1434, as there is a record that, in January of that year, Pope Eugenius IV. granted special faculties to "the Dean of Queen Katherine's Chapel" (*Cal. Pap. Letters*, VIII., p. 486).

Master Robert Gilbert, Dean of the Chapel Royal, was made Treasurer of York Cathedral on July 16, 1425, and was subsequently Archdeacon of Durham (1426), Dean of York (1434), and Bishop of London (1436). His successor was Richard Praty (1425-1438), who got extended faculties from Pope Martin V. in 1426, and was, in 1438, dispensed by Pope Eugenius IV. "to hold for life, with his Chancellorship of Salisbury, the Deanery of the Chapel Royal and the Wardenship of Holy Trinity Collegiate Church, Stratford-on-Avon" (*Cal. Pap. Letters*, VIII., 459), finally becoming Bishop of Chichester (1438). Then followed John Croucher as Dean (1438-1446), who made a remarkable innovation in the Chapel Royal by having a permanent official appointed to take sole charge of the musical arrangements. This was in 1440.

For over three centuries the position of Master of the Children had been undertaken by one of the clerks of the King's Chapel in turn. Now, however, Dean Croucher induced Henry VI. to create the post of Master of the Children and to appoint John Plummer to that office. With a view of securing suitable boys, a commission was issued to Dean Croucher, on July 12, 1440, "to take throughout England such and as many boys as he or his deputies shall see to be fit and able to serve God and the King in the said Chapel Royal" (*Cal. Pat. Rolls*).

John Plummer must have entered on his duties as Master of the Children at Michaelmas, 1440, as there is a record on the Patent Rolls, under date of April 12, 1441, of a grant of £10 given him for his services. The new position was apparently "during pleasure," but evidently Plummer must have given satisfaction as, at Michaelmas, 1444, he was granted 40 marks a year as choirmaster

and overseer of the boys. This grant was enrolled on November 4 following, and from the original document, now in the Public Record Office, the salary was given "for the maintenance of eight boys of the Chapel and for a reward to John Plummer, one of the clerks of the King's Chapel, so long as he have the keeping of said boys or others in their place." His appointment was formally ratified on February 24, 1445, and he is styled "teacher and governor of the boys of the King's Chapel."

It is of interest to note that the Chapel Royal choir, under Master Plummer, assisted at the nuptials of King Henry VI. and Margaret of Anjou, at Tichfield Abbey, on April 22, 1445. A year later Plummer's grant of 40 marks a year was renewed (May 30, 1446). From a document in the Public Record Office (Warrants in Chancery, Series I., File 764), it is evident that the appointment of John Plummer was with a view of adequately supervising the musical arrangements of "daily Mass of Our Lady and Divine Service in our Chapel of the Household, and in finding, governing, and teaching eight boys for our said Chapel." In this Warrant the King describes Plummer as "one who has done good service unto us by long time past and shall do in time to come."

Although Plummer's post was abrogated by Act of Resumption, in 1449, in a Parliament held at Leicester, yet the King by Privy Seal, dated May 10, 1451, ordered Letters Patent to be enrolled reviving the said office, "any other statute, act, ordinance, provision, resumption or commandment in contrary hereof made notwithstanding." In this new grant the salary of 40 marks a year was ordered "to be taken from the revenues accruing from the manors of Solihull and Sheldon in Warwickshire, at the feasts of St. Michael and Easter by even portions."

Plummer, whose powers as a musician are amply evidenced from a MS. in the Mordena Collection (where his name appears as "Palumier"), accepted the post of Verger of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, at Michaelmas, 1455, and was replaced by Henry Abyngdon, who had been Chapel Master to Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, since 1445. His memory is still commemorated four times a year at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on every "Obit" Sunday, when the list of benefactors is read out: "At the head of those whom also we hold in grateful remembrance are the names of John Plummer, Verger of the Chapter, and Agatha, his wife." With Abyngdon's appointment (September 29, 1455) began the golden age of the musical traditions of the Chapel Royal.

W. H. GRATTAN FLOOD.

## REVIEWS OF BOOKS

*The Principles and Methods of Musical Criticism.* By M. D. Calvocoressi. Oxford University Press. 6s. 6d. net.

To those whose business it is to write about music and find it so curiously difficult to do, and to those who take pleasure in reading what they write and find it nearly always inadequate, this book will come as something between a consolation and a revelation. The author says somewhere that the besetting sin of musical critics is laziness. Speaking as one of them, there is a good deal more truth in that than is pleasant, and the reason—it is no excuse—for the charge is that there is at present no definite standard for them to work to except such as their own wits and conscience may set up. For the world does not yet know how such criticism would be written if it were well written. It does not know what it wants and therefore it does not get it, except now and then by luck.

There is a gentle art, used by counter-jumpers and often attended with the best results, of telling people what they want, by setting their imagination to work. And no doubt there is another art, used behind the scenes, of telling the producers what people don't want, by letting them know the facts and allowing their imagination to supply the reason. With this word "imagination," which applies to both sides of the bargain, we get at once upon the kernel of the book. The basis of musical criticism is therein displayed as threefold—the (musical) facts, the (personal) standards and the indirect (historical) evidence. A deal of good argument is expended on showing that none of these in itself carries us very far, and that in the last resource we must come back to the practical judgment; and the true basis of this is said to be imagination. This may range from horse sense to woman-like intuition, in either case it short-circuits the conductors of the reason, and it is doubtless the one indispensable asset both for him who writes music and him who writes (and, we may add, reads) about it. But it hardly amounts to saying any more than that "I like (dislike) the thing" is the test, and we have absolutely no guarantee that the particularly likeable is the universally beautiful. So we hark back to reason, and the circle begins again. It is like the old question about where to begin with educational reforms; shall it be with parent or nurse or governess or schoolmaster or college tutor (Army or Civil Service Commissioner) or the public? The only wise answer is—Begin with all of them.

That is in effect Mr. Calvocoressi's advice. Know your texts, he says to the writer, brighten your wits and sharpen your conscience, don't be caught napping with your circumstantial evidence, and train yourself to imagine. And to the reader he would say, make up your mind, but in no hurry, which guide you intend to trust, if you want one at all, and then read him whole with charity and imagination.

*Music, Health and Character.* By Agnes Savill, M.D. John Lane. 7s. 6d. net.

I have been fascinated—"uplifted" would be a truer word—by this book. It seems to take all the things one has dimly felt about music, and without explaining—which is ultimately impossible—to put them on higher ground than one had been able to find, and with more than ordinary eloquence. An extract from it appeared in the July number of this magazine under the title "Music and Medicine," so that readers can judge for themselves as to the latter attribution. But that extract was, if one may say so, one of the less attractive parts of a book dealing with (1) an autobiography of a musical conversion, and (2) the effects of music on the human organism—the latter from the point of view of the whole man as he stands in the presence of his Maker.

Man's troubles all come from having a "divided mind," and music is one of the agencies that heal division. In weak hands that might be the moral of a tract. In these hands it is the theme of a whole movement, and the interest lies mainly in the "working out." It is the cumulation of the very diverse evidence and the scientific conscience and chosen language which marshal it, that make this book so satisfying. Towards the end, in a chapter called "Psychic Effects and Analogies," the sentences come thick which make one utter low grunts of pleasure, so quiet-voiced and temperate are they in their truth. The writer approaches everything from the doctor's, which is the human, point of view, but there are singularly few mistakes, if any, over the musician's; and yet she has written only on what we may call for short a "Pianola-and-Queen's Hall" training. It would be easy to say a good deal more about it, but I will not stand a moment longer between the reader and that postcard which he is sending to the publisher.

*A Manual of English Church Music.* Edited by George Gardner and Sydney H. Nicholson. Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge. 10s. 6d.

This is a collection of articles, mostly short, on four or five dozen subjects with which clergymen and organists may be called upon to deal, giving such information as may enable them to look for more. Those on The Choice of Music (two), Choir Training, The Mission Field (three), Orchestral Accompaniments, Organ Voluntaries, Organs architecturally considered, and Ordering of Services will also interest the layman. As is natural when each writer is given a free hand, there is more than a little overlapping, and that makes the absence of an index the more regrettable, since it is useful to be able to compare the several views, whether they agree or disagree. This is especially the case here because the value of a book of this kind lies a good deal in its *obiter dicta*; a man who is to make practical use of it wants to know quickly where to find advice on points that have troubled him, or, having read it, to verify the exact words. There is plenty of such advice and, speaking only from a short experience of the difficulties, most of it seems to be thoroughly practical.

*A History of Music.* By Paul Landormy. Translated by F. H. Martens. Scribner. 10s. 6d. net.

To write a history of music, especially a brief one, a mere 400 octavo pages, is to throw down the gauntlet to a hundred specialists, each of



whom will in turn shrug his shoulders and toss the book on the sofa with "he doesn't know his sixteenth century, or his Greek scales, or his madrigalists, or his middle opera," and so on. And an English reader will be a little dazed as well by the number of French names he never heard of and he will be rather surprised to read that Byrd, Bull and Gibbons wrote masterpieces of vocal music in a style "analogous" to that of Lasso, Costeley and Palestrina. He will ask "Which to which?" and wonder what Costeley, if we are to judge from H. Expert's reprints, is doing in that galley.

A musical history may be open to all such objections as those and yet be a good one, as this is, of its kind. It summarises fairly and gives a quick picture of such composers as it has space to speak of in any detail. Each chapter has a bibliography appended, and this contains only the important books. The translator, an American, has done his part conscientiously, and has added an appendix on the music of his own country. It is quite a book to have on the reference shelf.

*A Dictionary of Old English Music and Musical Instruments.* By Jeffrey Pulver. Kegan Paul. 12s. 6d. net.

This book has a patriotic, a literary and a musical value, and they are about equally distributed. The idea is conveyed that Britons, if not Englishmen, though they did not exactly invent yet made worth having most of the instruments, dances and forms that fill musical histories; also, there is an implication that they invented the jig, though this rests only on the weak ground of philology. In the descriptions prominence is given to literary allusions in the poets and diarists. We confess to being tired of these. We do not want to hear Hamlet's pun on the word "fret" separated from its context any more. If somebody is going to take all the musical terms in Shakespeare, and that would be a big bundle, and argue from them seriously as to his position as an amateur, whether he was to any real extent a pupil of Morley, and the like, yes, by all means; but let us have no more of these notes about a hundred little things that don't matter. As we are on frets, what we want to know about them is why we don't have them now; Mace tells us, by implication, but this article does not. On the musical side, the old terms are interesting—close-play, cadent, breaking the ground, driving-notes, noise and others. Some of them might be revived with advantage; Quinible seems to describe very well a certain modern type of harmony for which we have no name, though the thing is real and patent enough. There is a good deal of information scattered up and down these pages, but it needs to be more carefully digested and, above all, to be vouched for by exact references. Under "Crackle," for instance, there is a quotation from Mace without reference. When we hunt it up and come upon it eventually in chapter 36 we find it contains four misprints, and the restoration of the original sets the matter at rest which is being argued about.

*The Listener's History of Music. Vol. I. To Beethoven.* By Percy A. Scholes. Oxford University Press. 6s. net.

I should describe this book as a piece of musical philanthropy. Mr. Scholes brims over with the desire to put all sorts of people

who want to make a start in musical life in the possession of a competence, by telling them how music came to be what it is. He is quite aware that the history of music is full of knotty points; he takes the best solution he can find, and is off to the next point while the other man is arguing to a verdict which he will revise a few years later. He holds, in fact, that history was made for man and not man for history. The style is easy and clear, and though it is addressed primarily to those who may be said to be in musical infancy, there is, every here and there, a sentence or a word which enlightens those who know a good deal more of the matter than these 200 pages can embrace. There are plenty of examples, most of them continued to a length and fullness which conveys a true idea of the line of country. Technical names are omitted whenever the story can be told without them. The bibliographies are practical and the lists of gramophone-rolls numerous and up to date.

*Modern British Composers. Seventeen Portraits* by Herbert Lambert. F. and B. Goodwin. 15s. net.

A quite remarkably good set of photographs, with hardly an exception. Eugene Goossens, who writes the foreword, calls this collection of composers the English Renaissance and defines its beginning as the 'seventies. The principle of selection is given in these words: "Up till fifty years ago [since Purcell] there was little enough of either national or original in British music. But eventually the moment arrives when the composer with something to say becomes impervious to outside influences, and there emerges an idiom which in itself constitutes a basis for the foundation of an entirely new speech. Elgar and Parry, to my mind, were the first Englishmen of the renaissance to strike this personal note."

*Modern Music: Its Aims and Tendencies.* By Rollo H. Myers. The Music-Lover's Library, Series II. Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d. net.

In this little book the author describes some of the outstanding phenomena of modern music. If his treatment of them is summary, in 89 small pages that is inevitable. But unfortunately he expounds a doctrine which narrows the scope of his book quite as much as do his limitations of space. This doctrine, briefly, is that of Russo-French realism. All the chapters of the book either illustrate it or lead up to it. There are historical chapters on the closer union of music, since the Romantic period, with literature and the other arts, with the theatre and especially with the ballet; and there are two slightly more technical chapters on "harmonic innovations" and "modern song-writing." The omissions, even in such small compass, are thus rather serious; there is nothing on the tendencies of modern form, little on modern texture, very little on orchestration or on chamber music. Throughout the book, too, there is far more of mere statement or of doctrinal exposition than of true æsthetic appreciation or analysis.

Still, Mr. Myers clearly believes in his doctrine, and that is much. On Moussorgsky, the herald of realism, he dwells with evident affection, printing a chromatic passage of sincere and natural pathos from "Boris." Erik Satie, however, is the chief prophet of his faith. His pages on this composer are wholly admirable; they are probably the



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best short statement of this composer's significance yet written in English. But Satie, surely, with all his classic economy and firmness of line, all his modesty hidden behind a shield of blague, his piercing clearness of musical portraiture, is of slender stature for a prophet. We cannot but be grateful, however, to Mr. Myers for his championing of this much maligned composer, and for his printing of such little known examples of his art as the beautiful extract from "Socrate."

W. W. R.

*Ulven.* By Ulv Youff. Chapman and Dodd. 7s. 6d. net.

The proper place for a discussion of this book, which the author describes as having "red blood" in it, would be a pathological journal. Since the publishers have been good enough to send it for review to a musical magazine, we have pleasure in mentioning that on pages 115 to 126 are some statements about the piano which are unusual but in the main true.

#### NOTE.

The Editors of Tudor Church Music appointed under the Carnegie Trust ask for the help of musicians who may know of manuscripts (not printed books) of sixteenth century music. The music of that date is contained chiefly in MS. volumes. Each volume is for one voice only, and in it will be many different kinds of compositions; and it is impossible to say beforehand what will or will not be valuable. What they are looking for is music written by a sixteenth century composer, but the MS. may be of the seventeenth (not later). What they have been working on up to now are MSS. in Durham Cathedral Library, at Peterhouse, Cambridge and at Christchurch, Oxford. The Durham MS. lacks the Decani Countertenor and Bass (out of a set of ten) and the others have still greater deficiencies. In the absence of these copies they have to make the difficult decision between publishing in complete or surmising—i.e., really, writing the missing part.

They feel sure, from several indications, that these missing parts may well be extant in local public libraries or in private possession. A few such have been found already, and the owners have courteously given them permission to photograph. If any reader of this note can help in any way he is asked to communicate with Rev. A. Ramsbotham, The Charterhouse, London, E.C.





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Other nations have the good fortune our lack of which Mr. Newman so justly deplors. "El Amor Brujo" has lately been acquired for stage performance by the Théâtre Flamand of Antwerp, and negotiations to the same purpose are pending with the Opéra-Comique in Paris. In the meantime, music-lovers must be content with orchestral performances, and with the study at home of the following publications :—

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